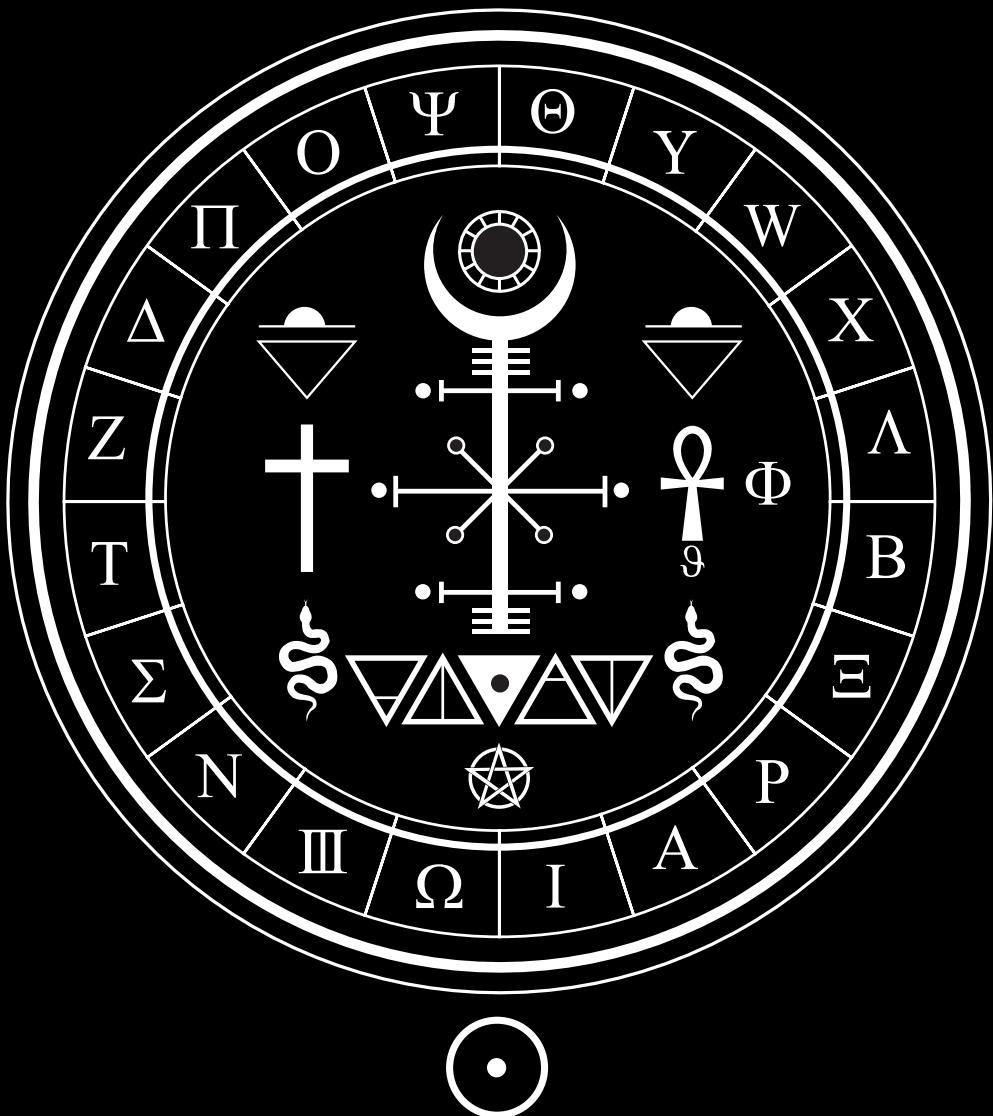


THE SKINWALKERS CRYPT

pelle et ambulatis in crypta



THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT
THE ATLANTEAN SEALBOOK



THE LIBER 888 SCRIPTURE

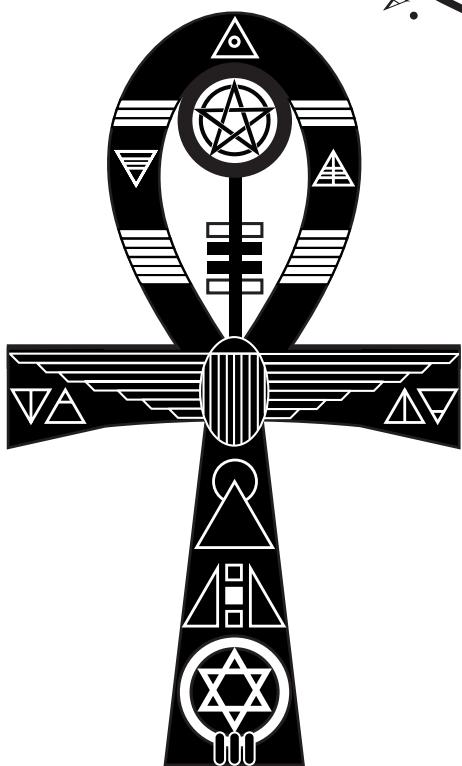
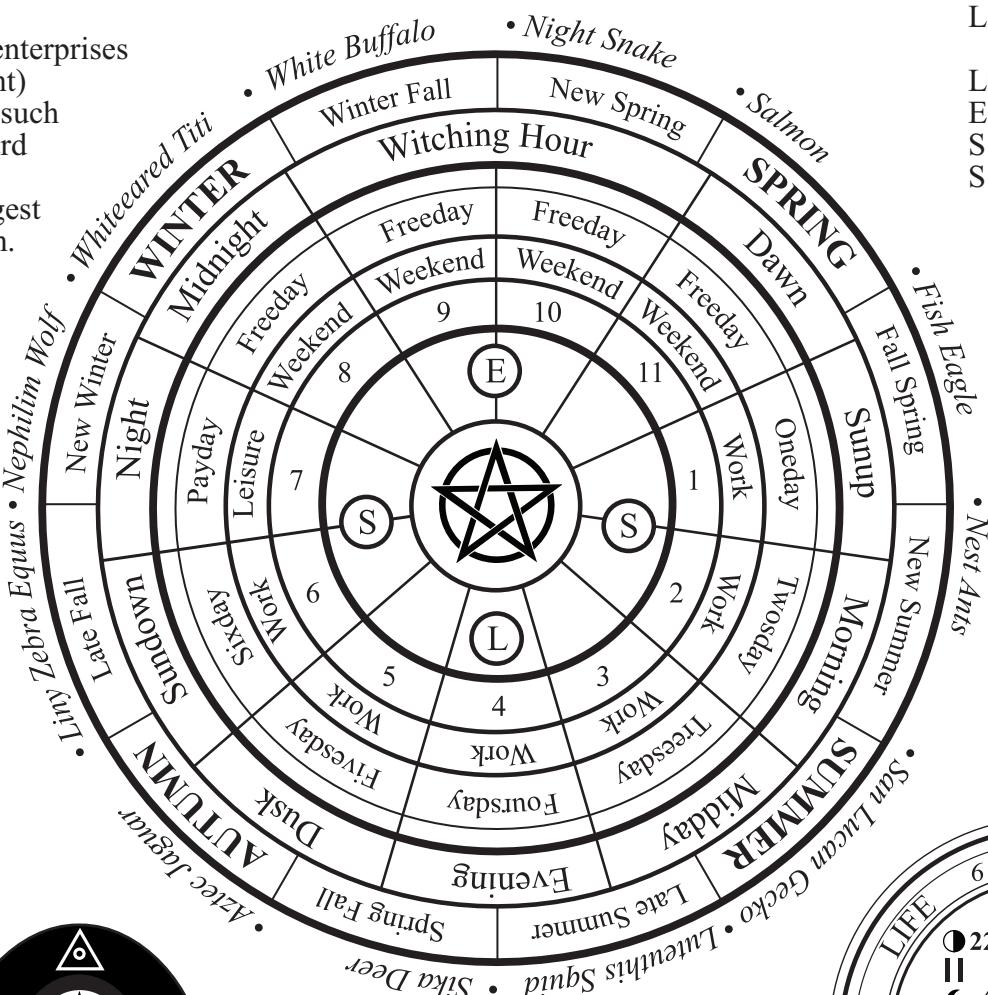
A CREATOR KEY

MAYAN WEEKDAYS 2012 AD

Mayan Calendar With A Zoodiac

(IN THE YEAR OF YOUR LORD)

SPOCKITECH
I trust that the enterprises
(not government)
can implement such
a mayan standard
given time.
That is my biggest
hope and dream.



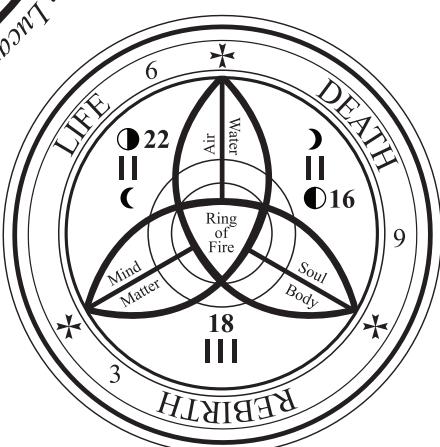
EGYPT Ankh 11

This symbol might conflict
with religious belief systems
or be a bringer of peace among them

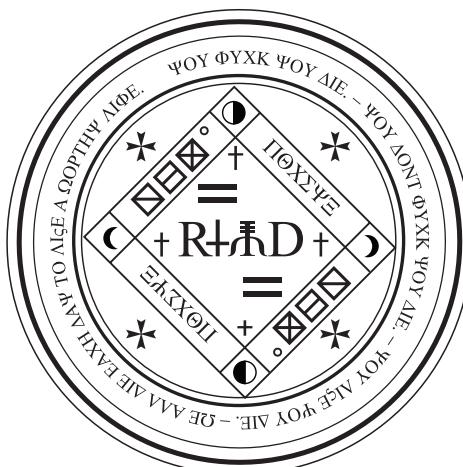
EGYPT - THE OLD NECROPOLIS

Less is More:

L = Leapday/Leapyear
E = Equinox
S = Solstice
S = Solstice



DEAD REALM PROTECTION



240 DEGREES CREATION



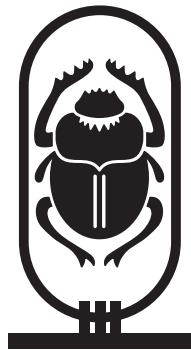


THE SKINWALKERS CRYPT

BOOK OF ATLANTIS



The kingdom of heaven is within you.
And whosoever shall know himself shall find it.
Egyptian Book Of The Dead



PRICELESS PRESS ®

Robert Orr Reid Nielsen Books Ltd © copyright 2022
aka Robert Nielsen (CRIMINAL PRISONER REGISTRY).
CPR: (160668-2049)
© Copyright Robert Orr Reid Nielsen Books Ltd.
By Medium Aranubis-Phat.

First copy: 4th edition Nemprint Oktober - 2021 - 16 copies
Given the current ISBN censorship, then publication LVXX/888/16 /44
To be disclosed and published on Gregorian Stardate: 16062022@00:00
On my birthday in the year 2022. Cod willingly. (editorial note: God).
For the records. The former publication being the source for inspiration:
Publication no. ISBN 0-87728-698-1 MV
I was hoping to publish this script in the format of 180mm x 250mm,
so that it bear resemblance to the older key. The key of Solomon the King,
Clavicula Salomonis.
This limited script is in the A4 format (210mm x 297mm).

BOOK OF ATLANTIS

By my death or demise the publishing rights will go to the house of my fathers,
The Robertson Clan of Straithclyde in North Ayrshire.

Robert Orr Reid and my father, Robert Reid and his descendants.

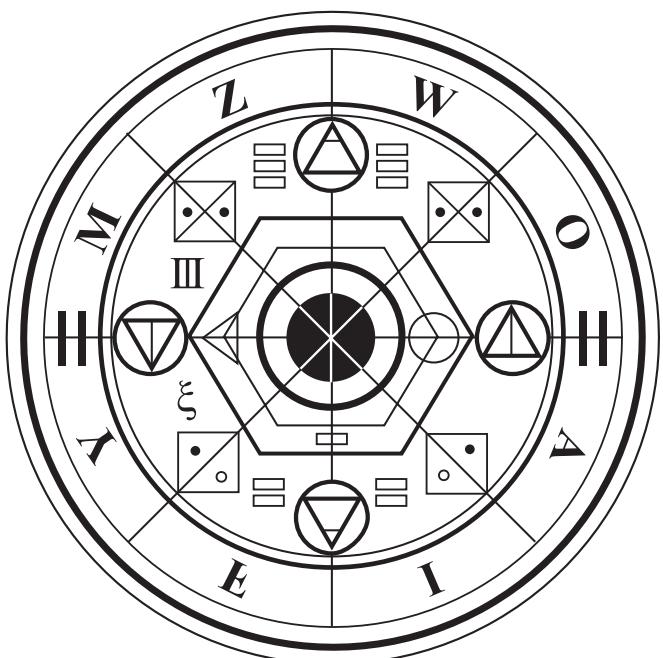
If unable to locate any descendants, then, the publishing rights goes to:

The Independent Scottish Publisher™

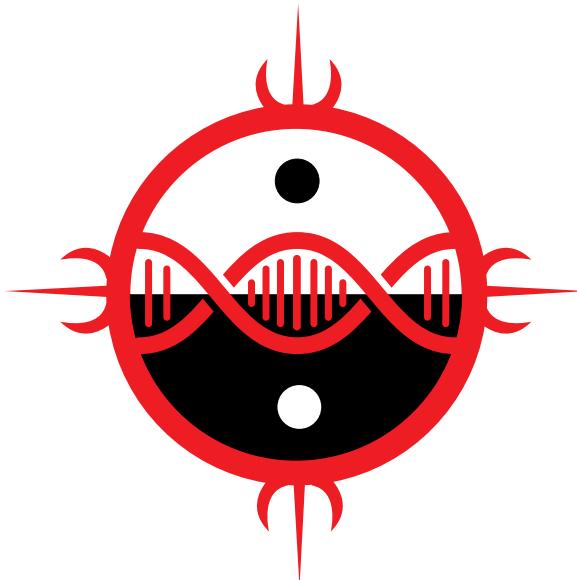
Birlinn Ltd.

West Newington House
10 Newington Road
Edinburgh EH9 1QS

Scotland
(United Kingdom)



THE SKINWALKER CRYPT
NOSFERA
THE INNER SEAL



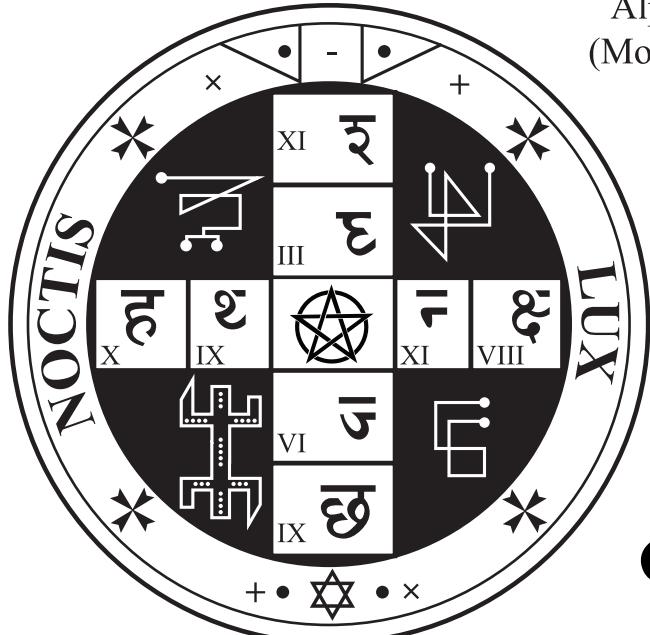
AN EGYPTIAN SARCOPHAGUS
GUARDED BY THE VAMPIRE LORDS OF GNOSIS
WHEN ALL THAT GETS YOU UP IN THE MORNING
IS PURE MALICE AND HATRED

DONT GET TOO ATTACHED TO ME
I AM FROM ANOTHER GALAXY
FROM ANOTHER TIME
TRANSCENDING TIME

I RESIDE IN THE PRESENT

AND AS ALWAYS
THE TRUTH OF THE PRESENT
IS HURTFUL
TO THE LIVING

*READERS PLEASE NOTE: TO YOU THAT READ THESE PAGES. KNOW THAT THEY MIGHT
FILL YOU WITH A CERTAIN RESENTMENT OR A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF NEGATIVITY.
THEN KNOW THIS. I AM NOT A NEGATIVE PERSON. IN FACT.
I AM A SPIRITUAL BELIEVER. I DO HOWEVER NOT BELIEVE IN RELIGION.
SO THE NEGATIVITY THAT ARISES IS DUE TO YOUR OWN RELIGIOUS BELIEF
SYSTEM AND THEREFORE IT CAN ONLY BE ON YOUR PART. NOT MINE.
THE MYSTICS OF GNOSIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN WITH US.
WHO KNOWS. THIS MIGHT START THE WORLDS FIRST COPY/PASTE RELIGION. AMENTA.*



Alpha Plate
(Motherboard)

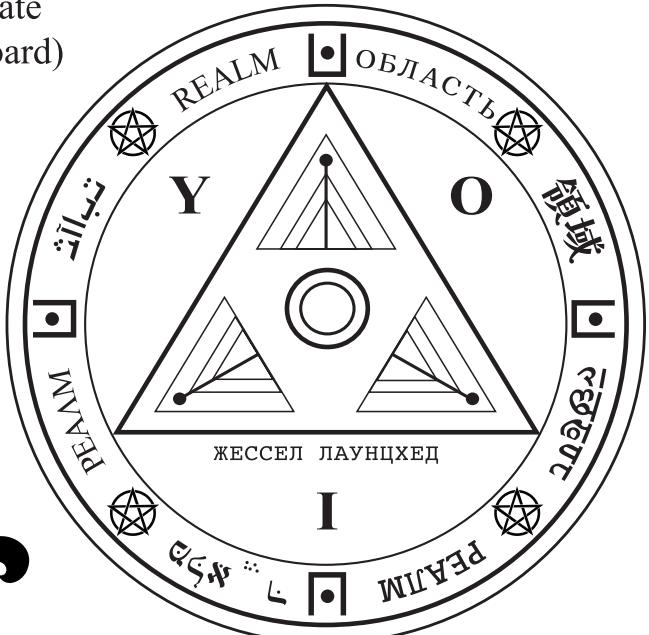
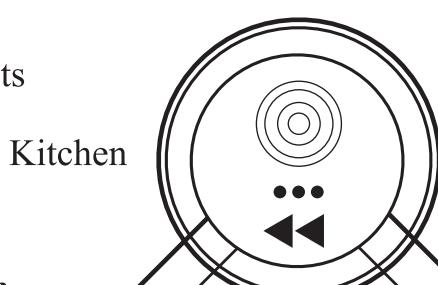


Fig.no: 1
African Roots

Fig.no:3
Vessel Launched
(8 Alpha Protocol)

***The Realm Of
Home Sweet Home***
(Privacy)



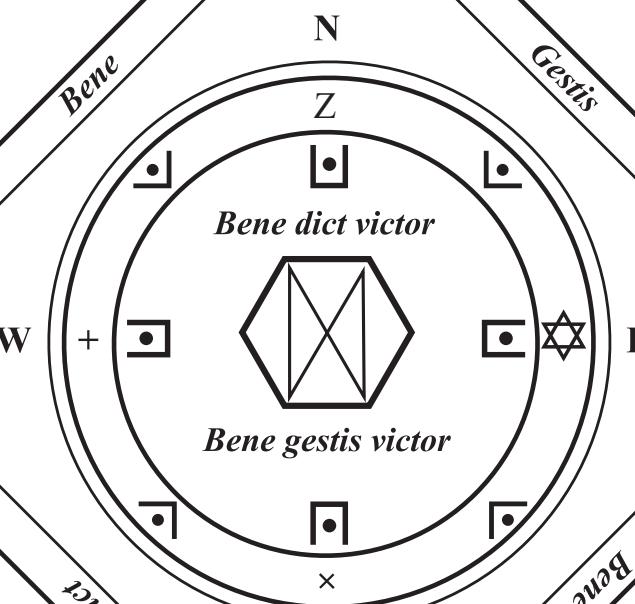
*"Noone should be forced
to leave their comfort zone"*

Living Room

***The Realm Of
Home Sweet Home***
(Privacy)

Plague
POXMBII►

Fig.no: 4



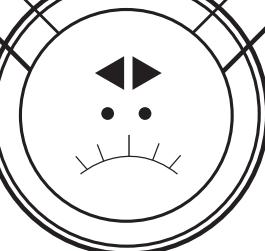
Sleeper's Coffin
Bed

Cholera
CII38E→

Fig.no: 5



Fig.no: 2



Toilet & Bath

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT

INTRODUCTION THE BLACK SARCOPHAGUS

A sarcophagus within a gravechamber. Such a chamber is the dawn of Dwat. The dawn of Dwat is a dawn upon all the thinking creatures. All creatures, great and small, that travel life, surrounding us all. All creatures earth bound, that will suffer the dead surface world. To all scribes, decoding old text and lore, knowledgeable of Paut Netru and much more. To all ye, scribes of seekers, seeking all knowledge, in order to soar like an eagle, above our own accomplishments. To all, that travel the chapel's of the dead, seeking eternal rest. To all that question a closed chamber of death and will read these words out loud to silence the unjust grave of a child. May life erupt within your dead bones. The void of the sarcophagus of death, the little sleep, transcending into the greater sleep of the everlasting, Death. The exit from the garden of Eden, the Etelenty, known unto others as Exodus, resulted in the creation of the five principles of man. Man then seeking to build an Aden for the lost Gods. An Aden in the dead of night, the eve. And the scribes of Thoth from ancient Egypt will ask: Do we compose a name from left to right or from right to left? Thoht? Will we always end up with the same answer to that ancient riddle that cannot be solved? Thoth of scribes. And the scholars of dead, the written word, sought life only to find the death of Aden. And people will ask: What is an Eden without an Aden? And do they both hold an Ark? And the dead will answer: Dwat. While the onlookers will ask: What Dwat? Dwat what? Dwat, the soul migration of the dead that takes place within us all. The fires of a kundalini travelling along our spines, to enlighten our crowns, our kethers. The soul migration of a black sarcophagus that dwells internally within. And the Dwat was with all. Do you see? As blind judges lead blind judges to the hangmans court. Grave is the chamber of a reciting throne of the dead. Injust in all it's measures, as an unjust grave, be it of a child or an adult. The Egyptian death arts and the old doctrine of hermetism, enclosed souls in the flesh and closed bodies within closed rooms. The fallen ones, the incarnates, guarding the carnal pleasures. That is the hermetical enclosure of the A-powers. A world of enclosures, be it, a flat or a hotel or a jailcell. The Dwat in us all is the incarnation of our own soul in our own body and a false doctrine will proclaim it clean and proclaim it to be of a higher lore than mortal man. But fornication do take place in the twilight. Some scar the souls of fellowman, while others flock the skin of fellowman. Some fuck by lineage, while others fuck by mileage. Nevertheless the scaring will always tear a soul down to build a soul up, a soul in the inner black sarcopagus. That which does not kill you makes you stronger. That which does not kill you, mutates and tries again. Hate. Till the avenger avenges the avenger and calls upon a healer to mend a souls broken bones. And yet, I will ask: do souls even have bones? Count to ten, when the count is twenty for a priced and perfect body in all it's seasons. And so is it with life.

The written word is dead. Written by the dead for the dead. Scripture is of the dead whereas life is music. Death is impatient, as death is the patient. Dying in the colour red, is to alls regret. Death does not boast nor brag, because the dead are the mute. Death does not think, because it cannot put reason to one season. Death endures all, believes all, hope for us all, gives us all, as your life is a death given. Awhile death turns life as life turns the dead. But the greatest of all is Deadth. Amen. The cerebral hemisphere. It applies for us all. Eventually we all end up there, sitting in the devil's lap. Hippocampus - Ammon's horn, to judge right from wrong, to divide light and darkness. To part eternity into black and white. Always tell yourself: I AM GOD - and my body is my temple and remember that the kingdom resides within us all.

A dark master always serves the black cloth of the pikesmen in all their seasons of reason. Amen.

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT

INTRODUCTION II THE WHITE COFFIN

The expired vessel. The corpse. A white coffin, as white as the exposed bones of Skeletor, the necromancer. That be, of the living dead. The dead are the mute silenced by Medusa's witchcraft. The written word is dead and belongs to the dead. The written word, ignites the intellect and silence the tongues. That be, of the living dead. Seek death of minds and love of hearts. Count till ten. Then add a quardition as on the day when 40 undertakers all dressed in black transported 10 white coffins upon their shoulders. And an old lady of the estate asked: Why are you here? We seek the diamond in the coal, so we have been told by the powers of old. We seek the pale rider and the king of pale upon it. And the old Lady said: But he, the king of pale, is forever hidden in a veil. He always enters the nephilim sons till they awake with a full beard, full of maggots, within their sleepers coffins, white coffins, and they are always known by the stinky bad breath of a goat. And one of the black undertakers asked: So the white doctrine of 40 days of fasting on only freshwater, till cleansed, is over? A false and dangerous doctrin, it is, but a reality for some individuals, said the old Lady. Like all Christians, those of the dead, that already have borderlined. Those crossbearers know of the existential plain of the wisp, themselves having been a wisp, having been in spirit and yet they also know, that any virgin birth of a wisp requires an organism, a vessel. A human body. The Christian quarter of the Arabian hour. Your *Ka*, is ever watchful of the living, but your *Ka* does not belong amongst the living. The greyish existential plain of twilight. And the words from masters were, that whereever you go, shadow will follow. And as shadow will follow, meaning our own shadow cast onto the ground, then the soul will only wish for a shade. The shade of grey, till greyscale hits your skin and maddens the mind. Life, it seems, erupts in shades of grey in a darkened mind, till freed of the infants bones. There will be scripture or no scripture at all, saidth Tehuty of Atlantis. The body being the vessel of your souls within the dead realms. This scripture, the book of Atlantis, a sealbook of the crypt. The seven holy spirits of natures elementars. The seven dead white Elo-jinns under the rule of Atlantis and by the hand of Tehuty. These seven spirits follow the lords of circumstance and the cloaked realms of invisibility is their kingdom.

Mankind will overcome to be subdued by it's own vanity. So saidth the lore of law, within us all. The four pillars of the Underworld, the four support vessels is within the *Khu* of Elo-jinns, that seek the *Ka* of the everlasting. As with life, *Khu* or God, then, it flows into all living matter till the *Ka* restores. God is energy. The renuut of *Nuut*, the all giving circle of life, is a painstakingly endeavour upon all souls of living matter. *Renutt*. Plants will grow as children will be born, in all ages of all times. Because the future has always been around, in the illusive veil of existence, so saidth Tehuty of Atlantis. And so is life.

The written word is dead. Written by the dead for the dead. Scripture is of the dead whereas life is music. Death is impatient, as death is the patient. Dying in the colour red, is to alls regret. Death does not boast nor brag, because the dead are the mute. Death does not think, because it cannot put reason to one season. Death endures all, believes all, hope for us all, gives us all, as your life is a death given. Awhile death turns life as life turns the dead.

But the greatest of all is Deadth. Amen. The cerebral hemisphere. It applies for us all. Eventually we all end up there, sitting in the devil's lap. Hippocampus - Ammon's horn, to judge right from wrong, to divide light and darkness. To part eternity into black and white.

Always tell yourself: I AM GOD - and my body is my temple and remember that the kingdom resides within us all.

A white lotus master always serves the white cloth of men in all their seasons of treason. Amenta.

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT

PRAYER

NOSFERA SHADOW LAW PRAYER:

(the creatives prayer)

Heallish and hellish faithers who art in hell.

My will be done.

Salutary to all, in heaven and in hell.

Bless this night our twilight,

and give us our pass,

as we forgive those who surpass us.

Leed us in temptation and deliver us

from ignorances bliss.

For thine is the hour,

and the power and mysteries gloom,

internal youth forever bloom,

the inner kingdom resides within me.

Hail all immortal leegions. Amen.



CREED

We believe in the Devil and all his deeds
and all his creatures. We originate from Satan,
the almighty, the creator of heaven and hell.

We believe the word, the testament from our Lord,
conceived by the holy spirit. Tortured by Nosferatus,
crucified, dead and burried. Descenting to hell
and ascending to heaven. Sitting in the Devil's lap
to part eternity into darkness and light.

We are of the holy spirit and the holy communities,
that serve sin and the forgiveness of sinners,
the ressurection of meat and the eternal damnation.
Amen unto Amenta.

NOTA BENE:

Please note: That the historical Ma'at consisted of 42 divine ideals. 14 times 3 equals 42. I have added the three elements of water, fire and air, as you, yourself is a fourth element. You are matter.

In fact, we are all matter. As goes for the fifth element, love and sex. then the pentagram has been hated and misunderstood throughout the ages of mankind, due to the veil of time. But allow me to uphold, a bit of optimism, in the liking of Sia. 2 times 20 equals 40, which is the count for two humanoid organisms. Then add the 5th element. The pagan pentagram. Nature's way or the highway. Sad, in a sense.

THE 45 IDEALS OF MA'AT:

1. I HONOUR SILENCE OF VIRTUE. (Aken)
2. I BENEFIT WITHOUT VIOLENCE. (Ash)
3. I AM NON VIOLENT. (Ma'at)
4. I RESPECT THE PROPERTY OF OTHERS. (Buckis)
5. I KNOW THAT ALL LIFE IS SACRED. (Hathor)
6. I TRY TO BE GENEROUS. (Ha)
7. I WALK WITH TRUTH. (Imoteph)
8. I TREASURE BOOKS OF DIVINITY. (Thoth)
9. I RESPECT KNOWLEDGE OF TRUTHS. (Seker)
10. I EAT WHAT IS OFFERED. (Ptah)
11. I SPEAK WITH GOOD INTENT. (Ruty)
12. I RELATE TO PEACE. (Sobek)
13. I CONSIDER ANIMALS SACRED. (Wadjet)
14. I BELIEVE IN MYSELF. (Min)
15. I CARE FOR ALL MATTER. (Mut)
16. I TEND THE FIRE. (Nuut)
17. I TEND THE AIR. (Horus)
18. I TEND THE WATER. (Hapi)
19. I RELY ON MY OWN COUNCIL. (Osiris)
20. I SPEAK GOOD OF OTHERS. (Reshep)
21. I BALANCE MY EMOTIONS. (Sekhmet)
22. I TRUST MY RELATIONS. (Shu)
23. I TRY TO UPHOLD PURITY. (Satis)
24. I TRY TO SPREAD JOY. (Anubis)
25. I DO THE BEST I CAN. (Tutu)
26. I COMMUNICATE WITH CARE. (Sothis)
27. I LISTEN TO BOTH OPINIONS. (Qadesh)
28. I SEEK HARMONY. (Isis)
29. I PROMOTE LAUGHTER. (Mehen)
30. I AM CAPABLE OF LOVE. (Baal)
31. I FORGIVE AND FORGET. (Zenenet)
32. I AM NON ABUSIVE TOWARDS OTHERS. (Pakhet)
33. I ACT WITH CARE. (Merit)
34. I AM NOT JUDGEMENTAL. (Geb)
35. I FOLLOW MY INNER GUIDE. (Amun-Ra)
36. I DISTORT THROUGH TIME. (Ouroboros)
37. I TRY TO DO GOOD. (Yah)
38. I GIVE BLESSINGS. (Qebhet)
39. I TRY TO UPHOLD OPTIMISM. (Sia)
40. I PRAISE DESTINY. (Bastet)
41. I TRY TO BE HUMBLE. (Seth)
42. I MOVE WITH INTEGRITY. (Bat)
43. I ADVANCE BY SELF. (Kauket)
44. I EMBRACE THE BAD WITH THE GOOD. (Kek)
45. I EMBRACE ALL. (Ra)

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

CHAPTER I MAAT (Crest: Tree)

MOTHERS ARE AT TREE.

Mother Earth in harmony. Maat is the Goddess of truth and justice. The God of children. The female gender God Maat planted a seedling. And the seed grew into a beautiful tree, and the beautiful tree grew into a nephilim tree, a tree of giants. And one day the Tree awoke from it's crown to it's roots. And the tree had grown hard and had no mercy towards life, at all. Although the onlookers to the tree, called it, the tree of life. And the rough and hard nephilim tree looked with disgust upon all the creatures that travelled it's domain, from crown to root: A mosquito. A fly. A treefrog named Osiris. A dragonfly. A falcon. An eagle. A goose. A cat. A dog. A ram. A wolf. A lion. Some cattle and a Snake. The tree shock in anger and the tremors went through it's branches and all the animals and their spirits left the nephilim tree. The nephilim tree looked at the landscape surrounding his roots, an elysian field of death, skeleton upon skeleton, and corpse lying beside corpse. Then out of the mist of ignorance bliss crawled a weird looking creature. It crawled on all fours, but still had some signs of being a human. A humanoid. The creature, the son, was known unto all known humans. The son cuts off the male childrens foreskin and puts the bloody foreskins on his fingers wishing for the foreskins to turn into gold, in the touch of Midas. The creature crunched forward and climbed a heap of skeleton bones. The son then took out a flute. A femur bone that had been carved into a flute, decorated with sculls. The creature started to play some melodies in order to attract all the newborn children. So he could carve foreskins and try to still his hunger. The nephilim tree so much wanted the status of being a creature of myth and looked in envy upon the humanoid fourlegged creature. The Nephilim tree summoned the courage and asked the creature in old entish: My Lord, what would you have me do? And the humanoid, the son, stopped playing his flute and said: All of life will die, for all must die, so saith my dark Master. The truth is black for those that live. Live while you still have life to live. The clover of three is what bends your knee, but to enforce the power of three upon three, with three, That is what will bring you to your knees, begging. Our own downfall. The nephilim tree, the ent, was filled with anger, but controlled his temper. The tree then asked: So what can I do? My Lord. The son, the fourlegged humanoid looked with hatred upon the entish tree and said: I will at my own accord fornicate your knowledge and fornicate your wifes till creators madness has engulfed our own vanity, till your anger gets replaced by bloodred hands, with deeds done in the nightfall of heaven. I cannot save your eclipsed soul, nor can I resurrect your temper, when the cup is full. Be it a glass of beer or a mug of wine. All tempers still in the heartbeat of a broken heart. Broken by madness or broken by your own malice and envy. The path of the heartless is an ancient path and a long road to travel. It is filled with dangers. A full fornicated madness of a Medusa is a hard disciplin to master, but a bless to control. Blissful are those within bless. Because all that she seeks is to fornicate. Fornicate the flesh and fornicate the soul into madness of one free body. The free body that holds the free mind, till the impotence strikes and the free mind becomes a seeker of death. The tree of seker becomes tree of seeker. So are the dreaded twilight upon our minds in this dead world. The entish tree shook in anger and the tremors went from it's branches to the dead landscapes surrounding it. A few skeleton bones fell from the pile of the skeleton heap that the fourlegged humanoid had climbed. The son stopped playing his femur bone and all music died. He then crunched forward and looked at the fallen bone and said: The bigger the Nephilim come, the harder they fall. I felt your tremors, oldtimer. And we all know that the figure of a seventeen year old, a young virgin, are either your tremors stuck in the curse of an earthquake or the orgasm of an angel. Take your pick, oldtimer and rewind your clocks to wind the ill tempers of sexual creatures. So are the lifes of the driven, the fallen ones bearing the testimony of hard Nephilim thesis. Amen unto Amenta. The tree sighed and a breeze were felt in the air, it sounded as if it were it's final breath and the entish tree then asked the fourlegged creature: My Lord?

Plate 1

HAILES:

HAIL, HEIL, HEAL: 

Vira A: Fig.no. 6

ABIMEGH: O CEC

Vira B: Fig.no. 7

DU ROSA: ΘΕΞΙΟΟΟΜΞΛΞ

Vira C: Fig.no. 8

RAZIEL:

Vira D: Fig.no. 9

NOPA: DOCCCO PADOUS

Vira E: Fig.no. 10

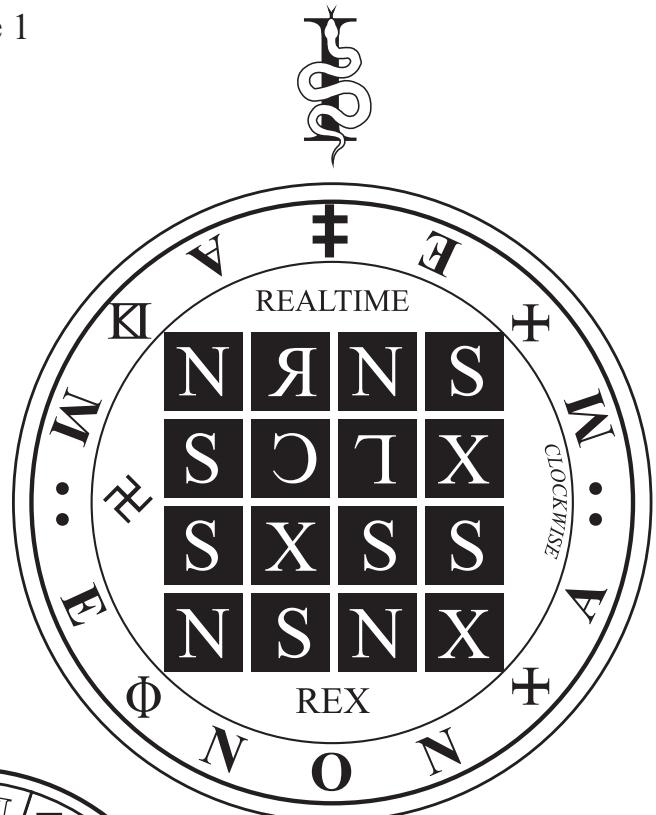


Fig.no. 11
Earthly Kingdom
(Key of Solomon fig.11)

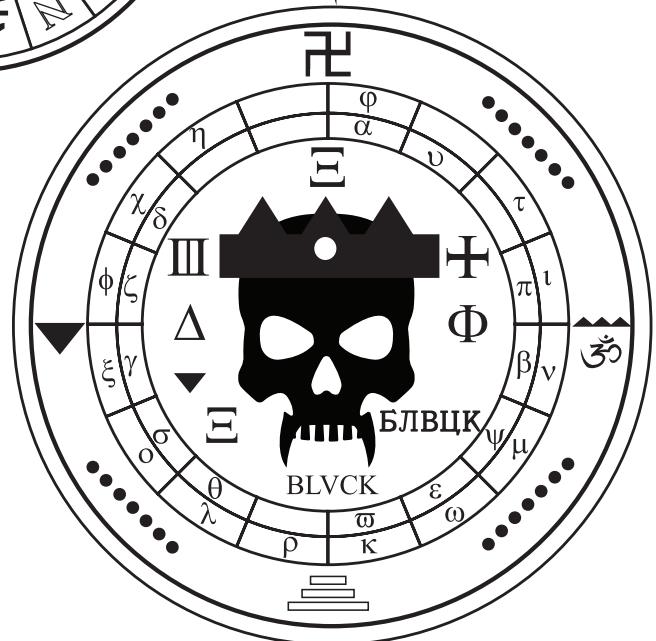


Fig.no. 12

Heavenly Kingdom (Key of Solomon fig.12)

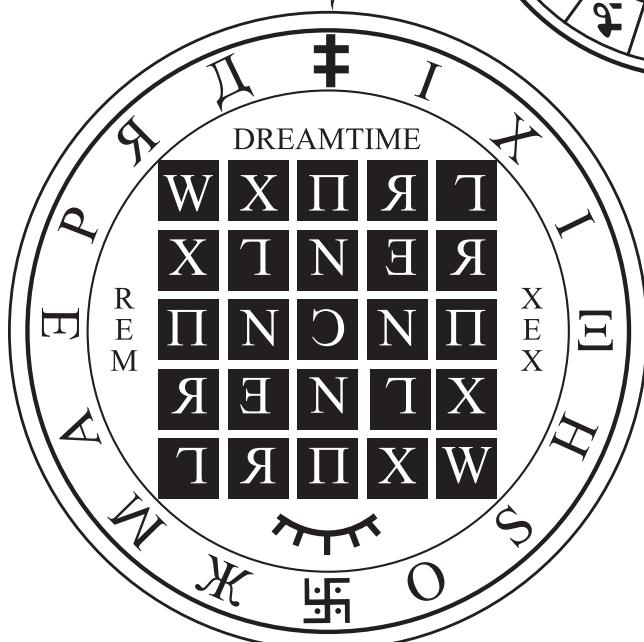


Fig.no. 13

The Hindu Curse Upon Old Adolf (Key of Solomon fig.13)

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

CHAPTER II MEDUSA (Crest: Snake)

NEW UNDERCITY UPON TERRA

Medusa, the Goddess of the skies. The female gender Goddess Medusa created emotions and her tears reached the heavens. Medusa, the queen of snakes mended her tongue into that of the gekko and silenced her spirit to glide by the two templar lords in the dead of night. She glided by the greatest pyramid, that was build by King Cheops or Khufu around 2800 years before Christ, for those who count. She then proceeded to the southwest to the second pyramid of King Khephren, then, she glided to the third pyramid of the known King Mycerinus, a pyramid built about 2700 years before Christ. And next to those three pyramids stands the great restorer, the monstrous Sphinx, the timelord, mute, sardonic and wise beyond memory and mankind. A withered timelord, once an Anubis head, then a lions head, to end up as a human head. A conduct of the mighty three pyramids that has littered the dead surrounding landscapes with thousand upon thousand of corpses and stiffs. The arab quarter within the hour. A mechanator dragon flew in the air and landed next to the ancient Sphinx. Medusa entered the craft and as the spacecrafts doors sealed, it took off into the night sky. It flew, then it hoovered for some time, then the craft teleported to the sky above the Domecity of Rio De Janeiro. Medusa creative minds were in chaos, she felt it. She lost her head and eight new heads grew from her severed head. And they, the eight dead demons within her, all argued like old wifes in a bingo hall. Through the coarse of a merely few seconds and through quick meditation she fornicated the knowledge of the eight demons into one giant knowledgeable serpent, sitting in the devil's lap, the serpents seat. Stuck between the vulture and the cobra, judging all mortal thought below her. And she had harnished one of the greater lessons: To alter your moods or your mental state of mind, then alter your vibration. The alternation of voice gives birth to the renewal of a thought. Hence a sense of life in a dead barren world of solitude. Any selfcontrol by vibration, be it spoken or thought out loud, were the only comfort for a solitair demon hunter. Knowing that the rising moon and the ordered madness of snakes were the only comfort for the Elo-jinns. Medusa glided down into the Domecity from the landing platform situated at the top of the Domecity. She quickly found her way through the crowds and located her favorit weapon shop in midtown. Her madness wellknown unto others kept all people away from her. All feared her. Medusa entered the undercity of the Domecity, the tube systems of Rio De Janeiro. The Undercity being her favorit refuge. She gazed at the computer that were round her wrist and launched the view of the moon. It was a clear night in Rio De Janeiro and she want to do some stargazing. Moon testifies the tide and floods the minds of seekers. A truth revered amongst the believers of the moon and to the black temple of the moonwell. Such is an act of balance as life itself is profound balance. The act of balance where we all suffer the tide. We all suffer the fall and we all suffer the rise. Balanced in hearts and minds till all creatures lights up as stars in their own right. The moon was full and the brazilian werewolves were gathering on the Copacabana for a night of blood, a nightly session of devouring virgin meat. Medusa had the intel from the watchtowers of the Dome. She patrolled the Copacabana throughout the night, trying to save some lifes. She glided silently through the sand on the beach and all werewolves knew her and hated her scent and were sole afraid of the Medusa's of this world. They knew that within her veins pulsed the red gnosis blood of the vampires Hominus. Sure they could kill her, but her blood would enter their blood streams and they would be cursed for all eternity. A cursed upon a curse. First the curse of silver and a full moon, then to top it of, another curse by the ancient blood of gnosis killers. This planet and world would seem to be the most hexed installation in the whole galaxy. Can a curse become a blessing? That is what all cursed creatures ask themselves, be they a Medusa, a werewolf or other. The rotten truth is that all lifeforms must feed in order to survive. Meanwhile at no. 32 Praca Cruz Vermelha stood the obese overlord of Giants at a street vendor and ate a double cheeseburger with fries and coke, life is grand: he snorted. as he ate with joy. A little girl holding some science books stood next to him and were wondering about the buttplug and the laying poato, sticking out of his back pocket.

Plate 2

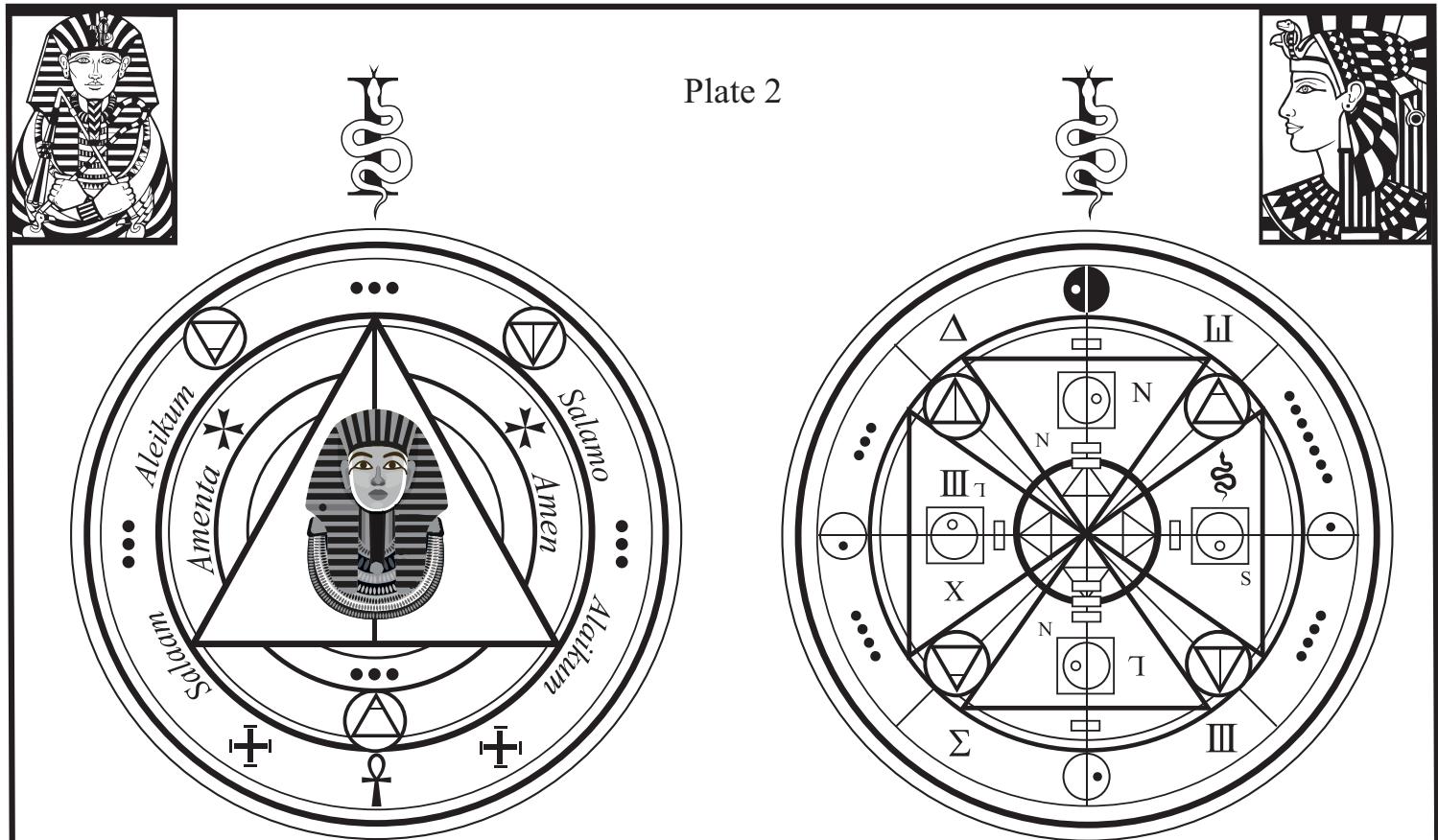


Fig.no. 14
Air Spirits
The Invocation Of Wisps

Fig.no. 15
The Pharaoh Invocation

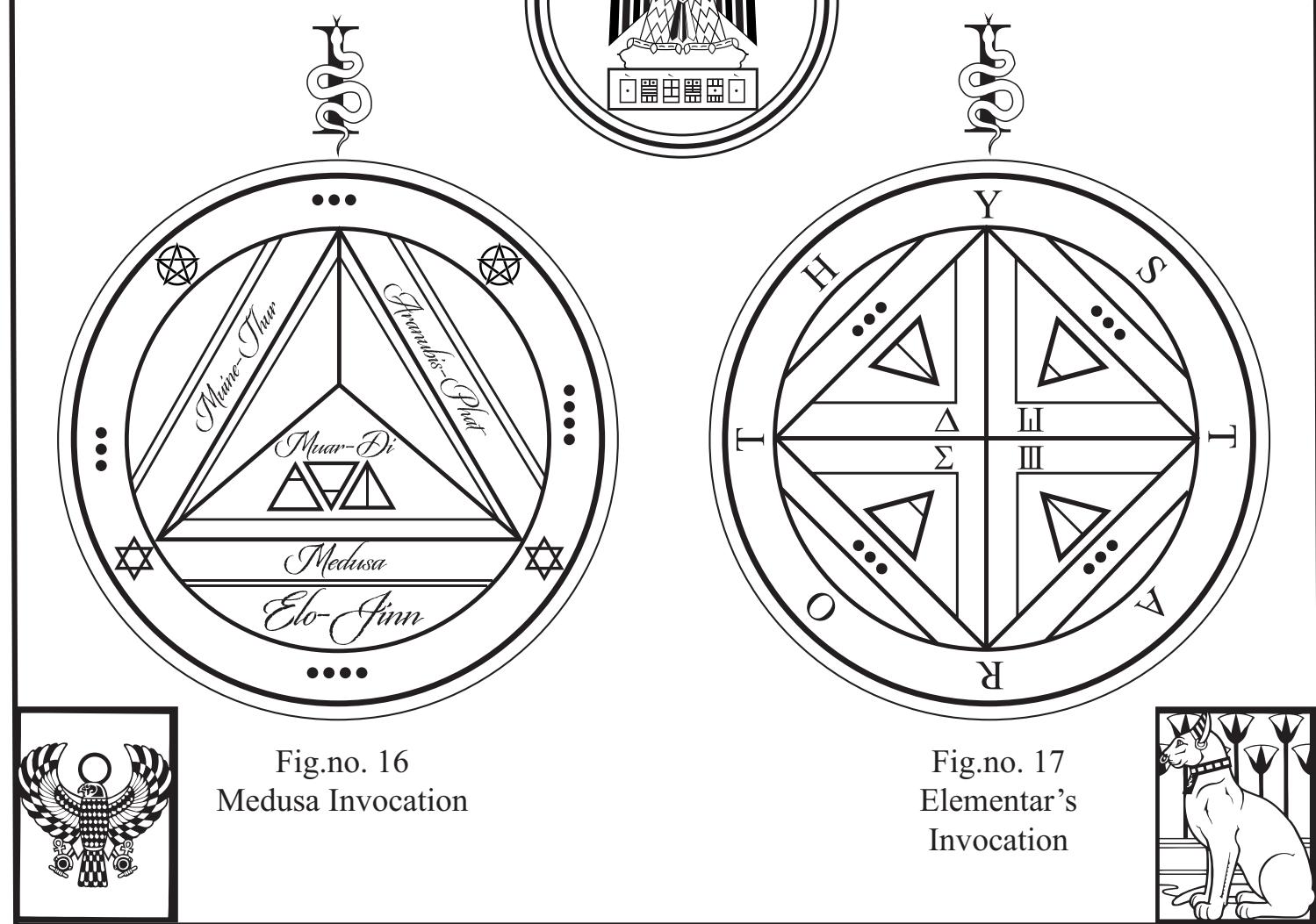


Fig.no. 16
Medusa Invocation

Fig.no. 17
Elementar's
Invocation

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

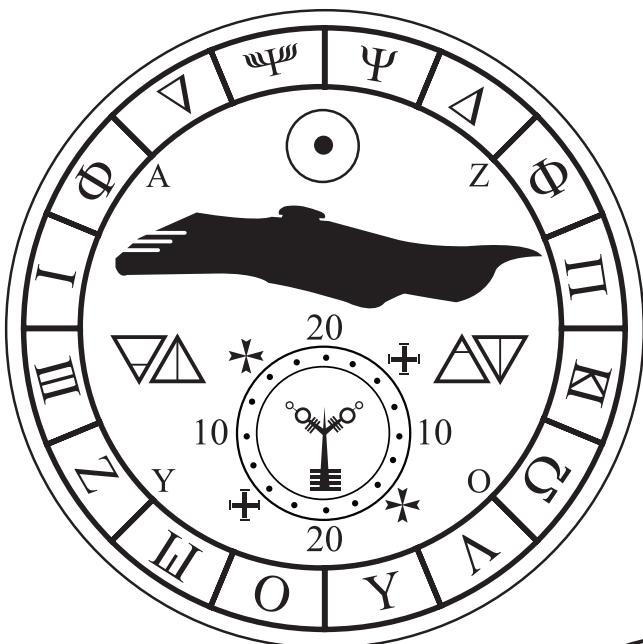
CHAPTER III LAZARUS (Crest: Lichking)

OUR SLEEP INTERNAL RESTS IN SLEEP

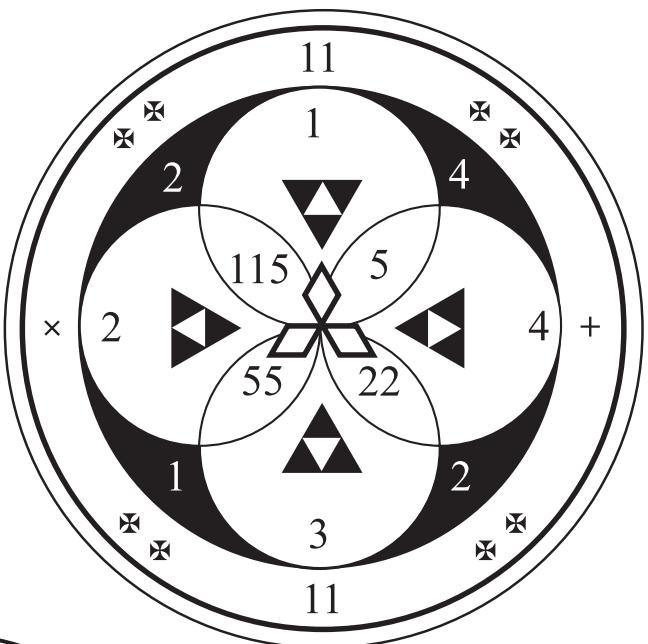
Lazarus, the God of the underworld with the heartless heart. The male gender God Lazarus died and lived. Lazarus, the dead servant with the heartless heart and the ever watchful eyes igniting the mind. That one creature than once in the dawn of Dwat answered unto the ancient name of Osiris, the heartless, then later on, in the mist of lost time, the creature, answered unto the name of Lazarus. One poor dead servant, seeking the kingship of a serpent with only one Judas priest as soulmate. A Judas priest that only has 18 pieces of silver unto his name. The flesh and the bones and the sign of life, the heart. Till the heart lives no more. Till the heart answers no more. My heart be still in the valley of the dead. My mouth be closed and my soul be sealed and my spirit grounded elsewhere. The mouth of wisdom is forever closed, for the sole glory of thine internal ears to understand. The power of all black pupils, the very seeing of your eyes. The truth of a seer. A change in the fabric of space and the knowledge kontinuum is the very foundation of truth, which is black. Life alters eternally as all is in motion. All is motion. A mind can move, a mind can wander while the host organism is still, dead. Dead, being of the dead. Sleep is such a little death. The sweet moment of meditative sleep to awaken alit and fresh in body and mind. The dead holds such powers transcending life itself. Some call those servants awaiting to become serpents under their own crowns, Lichkings. Dome manual: Directive 8888-A-1. Ramses. The judge has the authority to execute the law in it's full measure and may, by own will, sentence the individuals to the death sentence. All orders may however be overruled by the seal of Satan. NO ONE has the right to take a life, in order to spawn a life. "And yet, can a life of a ghost ever spawn?", thought the heartless Lazarus from within his crypt. The heartless is ever watchful of the heartless in the twilight of the Dwat. So is the old lore of the dragon scribes and writers. Yet, Lazarus had witnessed alot of kingpriests through his time on the barren surface world, older scribes that lost their calling of scribes, long ago, only to reenter the brothel keeps in order to fornicate their pleasures among multiple whores. He could spot those Kingpriests a mile away. Elderly gents with grey hairs, sometimes bald heads, obesely overweight and the weight of their wallet so heavy that the trousers went down south showing a pair of buttocks, much like the baboons arse of ancient Thoth. Lazarus, himself, lived only for the glory of becoming a Lichking. To gain his throne, the serpent's seat within twilight. To sit in the devil's lap, in order to fornicate flesh and knowledge. And many of the ancients will always say the dreaded line, my heart be still. But Lazarus, the ancient of Osiris, knew that his heart stilled in ancient past, eons of time ago. A holster for the divine creatures to enter and render life. A whole organism blessed with spirits, while witches cursed, seek other spirits, alcohols, whiskey's and some form of the holy firewaters. Some devils hoping that the fallen ones literary will shit their heart and liver through the arsehole. And such a dreaded state of mind descends upon all Lichkings, reclaiming their thrones, although, we all know that a dead crown of the eternal thrones can never ever perish. As death holds life, as sure as, life holds death, till death is no more. Till we all flock around within ignorances bliss, sitting in the devil's lap in order to part eternity into two wrongs. Oh...Well, thought Lazarus, the heartless: "I will close my door and try not to over eat, drink some whiskey and wait for the heart to fall through mi arse. Wait till the shit literary falls out of mi arse". And still I will await the Hasskey Whiskey from Ramessa, much like my old vampire master, Nosferatus. And all men on the barren surface world will travel the globe seeking the keys of the Lord Palpatine in order to say kill them all, but when faced with a human presence, lord Palpatine will say tickle them all. As all God's children are utter imbeciles. And Lazarus, the heartless awaited the day where he would say, if lost for words, then, loose the fly, unzip boy and show me your goods. I will tell you whether to stick it in the hardware store or in the grocery store down town. Such a dread is this hungerstricken world, a barren wasteland where truthseekers seek sex and love, to end up with the hatred of a thousand women, that never ever got laid. So is the asexual nature of a driven world trying to seek other pleasures. Where is my book at?

4

Plate 3

Fig.no. 18
Atlantis

4

Fig.no. 19
Portal Numerics
“Star Gate”

4



Fig.no. 20

Interstellar Invocation

Well Of Souls

“Lost Three Ring Status”

4

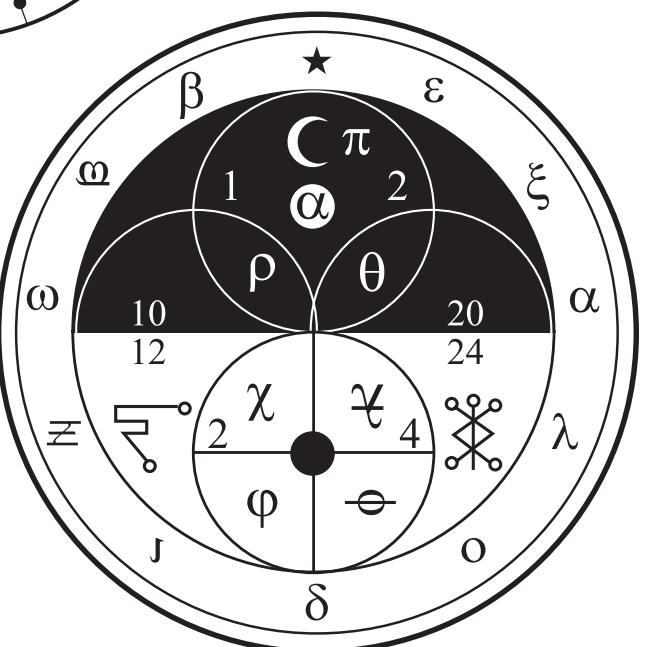


Fig.no. 21

Aeronautics

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

CHAPTER IV MUAR-DI (Crest: Anubis)

RESTING ARMS

The sun God of Heliopolis. The male gender God Muar-Di sought a council among the living. And a council have always been sought on the dead surface world of the Nosfera. And such a council exist and will always be a council of the dead. Like five pillars of faith bestowed upon man from the heavens. Like five virile men bestowed unto every female, that still have sexual appetite or the fake innocence thereof. Hence the claim of virginity. Five twin pillars of faith. Those ancient five twin pillars being: Tax/Money.Prayer/Lore.Voyage/Pilgrimage.Creed/Law.Charity/Fast. Of course in this day and age with a subdued earth, then such five pillars might progress into: Enterprise/Money. Prayer/Lore. Voyage/Home. Creed/Law. Charity/Fast. And as a lore of Muar-Di, then we could only pray upon such progress and hope that those in faith and those out of faith lives to see the day. Allahuja. At least such twin pillars is a security for humanity. The human rights of any charter. But as goes for the count of a humanoid body, then, surely the count of perfection is the count of twenty. Twenty digits. Ten fingers and ten toes. And the livelyhood of one. The number twentyone which numerically is the count of three. A trivide. The count of three could hold such peace, but it requires a spine, the spine of a serpent. A snake. A lie might bring peace if served right, at the right time, a false hope or a promise that gets broken will bring sadness in a childs innocent heart and war will visit unto the childs threshold sooner or later. The war of hearts. That fleeing innocence? Innocence that only tries to better itself, and for what purpose, I ask of you? Maybe a guidance of five twins could become a safe conduct when it comes to the mental stability of us all. Are we allowed five sins amongst the sinners? And yet we always awaits a Masters footstep, to be steeped in magic and lore. When the students hear the footsteps of a Master, the students only wish for a mousetrap in the path of the Master. Dome manual:

Directive 8888-C-111. Ra. Mankind's spiritual evolution is a frozen reality, in which only the visuel evolution is in motion. And what may evovle between a feline and a canis? God and his dog, as stated to my niece, all men, are but dogs, the muds seeking the inner glory of your cup. You gave the fornicator of fornicators, the choice of only one cup and I will answer with the biggest mug ever designed. So is the truth of the slave-trade amongst men and women. Dog mirrored spells God. But I ask you this, are we not all but Gods? Be you male or female? Let's throw a bit of divinity into the mix. Any divinity to the claim of a higher existence, if it even exists? And the term holy? What is it truely, if it only leaves us with the shitty end of a stick. We have heard the words holy shit and holy smoke. Signs of livelyhood I would say. But if the truth about the zionist Moses is the fact that he holds or owns the bio keys for the twin genetics in order to kill off one twin, producing a cylon, in order to harnish light and knowledge, then it is pure evil and goddamned sataanism. Some might refer to it as a form of spiritual A-power. Nevertheless it is probablly the thing that started of the homonogamous killing nature to begin with. Some will refer to it as God, while the *Khu* suffer the very existence of life. Given such knowledge many individual becomes bad to the bone. Meaning asexual. But I truely wonder about the essence of knowledge, what some call light. And we all heard, that everything has been invented, we cannot produce any new items under the heavens. What about the shit vacuum cleaner? Maybe the reason why so many Jehova goaters are obsessed with a hoover? Like the notion, has anyone ever tried to suck the shit out of the rectum, the arsehole, like he tried and died? Because, Christ, he dead? But it has been invented right, like the vacuum cleanser that removes the fetus from a pregnant woman, but maybe it is being used in the wrong hole, ever conceived the notion? So the twin genetics of one dead twin and we lost two towers? Strike one and strike two. Maybe you should in all honesty wonder about how braindead a power individual can become. But I will state, never judge those driven, those in need, the fallen ones. The *Khu*. The spirit of an Elo-jinn might seek justice in an unjust world, where everybody fights over ressources in order to exist. Maybe, we have entered a state of mind were sex is a ressource that all of us would hate to loose. Be it A.I (Artificial Intelligence) or not. Time an illusive veil.

Plate 4

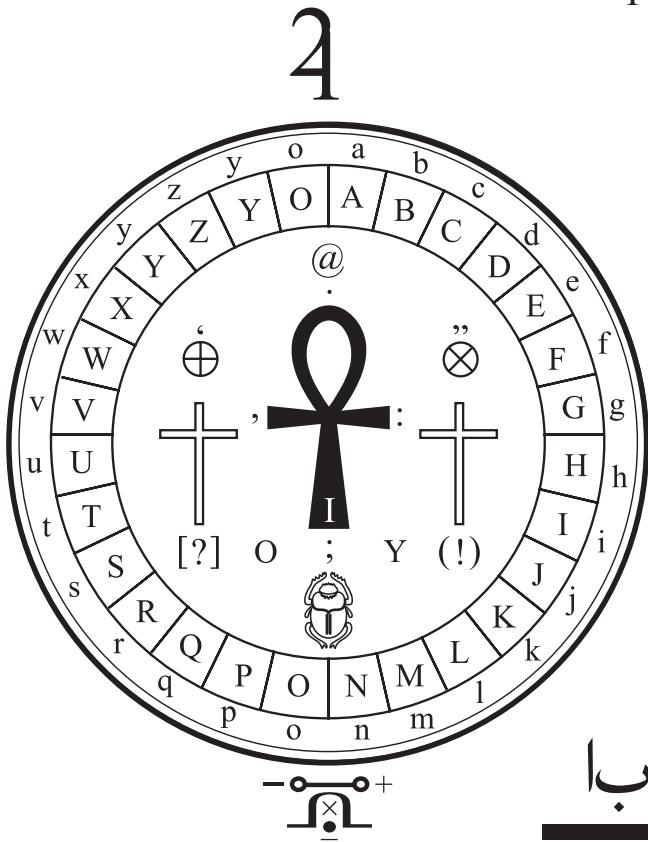


Fig.no. 22 (The Law Of The Book)

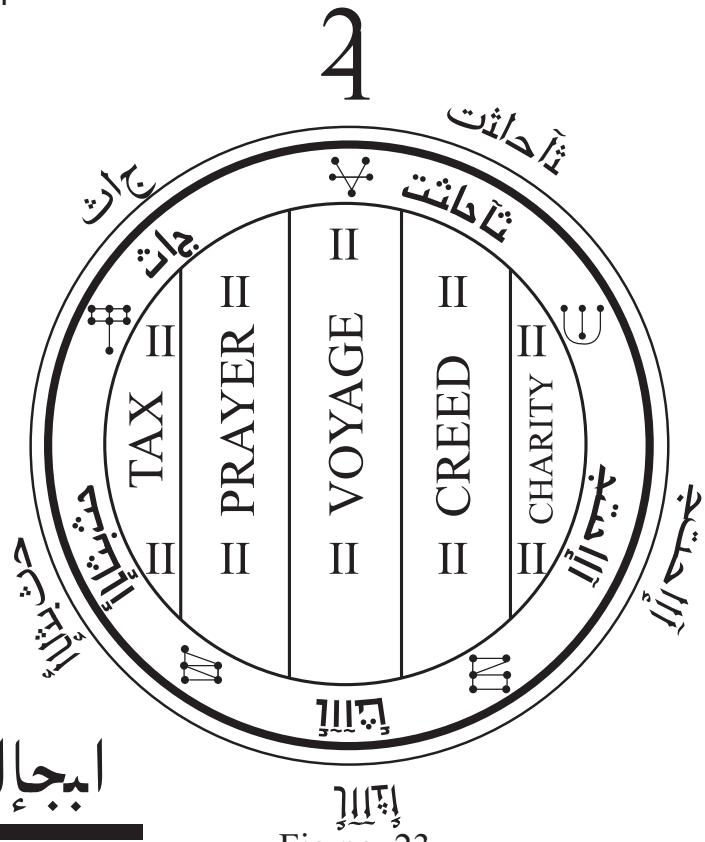


Fig.no. 23
(Key of Solomon fig.49)



Fig.no. 24
Yin & Tao & Yang



Fig.no. 25
Sun Scarab Invocation

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

CHAPTER V ARANUBIS-PHAT (Crest: Skinwalker)

A NECROMANCER UNDER BLISS IN SWARTZWALD

Aranubis-Phat, the God and undertaker of the underworld.

The male gender God Aranubis-Phat guided the dead amongst the undead and through the seals of the living. Aranubis-Phat awoke within his sleepers coffin, the bed. That ancient device of a dragons lore. He looked to his arms, then down to his rotting swollen feet. He sat up in bed and tried to ground his spirit. By the looks of it! I must have been burried for at least nine years, this time round, he thought to himself. The T-shirt with the logo was decayed and the T-shirt torn. Bitemarks from rats on both arms and open wounds filled with begining rot. Aranubis-Phat, the skinwalker, stumbled to his feet and entered the bathroom and took a shower, cleansed his feet and sore skin. He then stumbled, barely walked, like an Egyptian into the kitchen and made a cup of tea. He needed some calories and nrichment. He stumbled to the sofa and sat down to attend the rotting flesh with his disinfection medicins. Then the shakes got the better of him. And a moment of fear hit him and it was followed by a short burst of anger. But he knew better by now. He stumbled to the kitchen, he could feel the skin and bones and felt utterly fatigued, but his residual self, looked mysteriously overweight. What ever hellhole, this is, he thought, then it is already dead. He felt beside himself, he felt like a walking skeleton, the hunger soaring through skin and bones, yet some mysterious force kept him on his feet. The skinwalker Aranubis-Phat wondered, is this dreamtime or am I truely asleep? I would hate to awake in an elysian sea of fools. Dome manual: Directive 8888-E-23. Pebblesome. Truth and justice that only safeguard the truthful and the righteous will always be victorious. Suddenly Aranubis-Phat heard a knock on the door. He could barely walk, but walked like an Egyptian to the frontdoor and opened it. "Good day, Sir", four weird looking creatures stood upon his threshold. "We are the cosmic lords and we are here to aid you!". Aranubis-Phat looked at them,"Errhh..masters of the universe?". "No, not exactly,sir!".

Aranubis-Phat looked closer,"Errhh..Jehovas witnesses?". "No, not exactly, sir!". "Well, what the hell are you?", asked Aranubis-Phat. "If I may, good sir, the cosmic lords is from the famed shadow council of the Andromeda galaxy, the constellation. We always hide behind a black veil, and we orbit this solar system each 36.000 years. We are currently approximately 200.000 lightyears away from home. Aranubis-Phat had to man up,"Well, what do you want from me?". "Well, we reside under the rule of Satan and we have labelled you as specimen X-37. You will be send to every birthgiving orifice on this planet to fornicate. Natures way or the highway. Aranubis-Phat rolled his eyes,"Oh..no. NOT AGAIN? SURELY!". "Sir?", the visitors looked with amazement. "If we may good sir! I have your computer log right here. Kendra Lust, Brandi Love, Jane Darling, Jayden Jaymes, Jenna Jameson or even Diamond Jackson. Feeling any temptation, sir?". Aranubis-Phat rolled his eyes once more," With all due respect, that is probablly not how things work, and besides my thingy dont work anymore!". "We are not joking, good sir! ALL the women want you in all their birthgiving holes!". "And, what is the take on this?", asked Aranubis-Phat. "Well, how will you manner yourself, in the presence of a lady with ladies?". Aranubis-Phat looked with digust."Well, I know where this is going, I AM TOTALLY DONE! LOOKING GOOD AND SMELLING GOOD!". "Well, I can smell that and see that, good sir! Aranubis-Phat sighed,"Why the hell dont you just sell me to the nearest butcher or brothel keep, same deal anyhow!". We bit you good day", the visitors finally left his threshold. The scent must have thrown them off. Aranubis-Phat felt tired and he closed the frontdoor. Where the hell were those women when I was 18 years old? Well...let me guess. Right in front of my fucking eyes. Always the same in this hellhole. The need to breed and feeling good about it, while women stalk and cry in the shadows.

If I could brick myself up, I would. Just isolate myself for the remainer of my days and have a whiskey or two, till this old bag of bones finally expires. Radio was breathtaking and caused comotion, Television was breathtaking and caused comotion, Cinema's were breathtaking and caused comotion. Will skynet cause the same comotion or will it wipe us all out in the very end, in a doomdays scenario. Women. Huh.

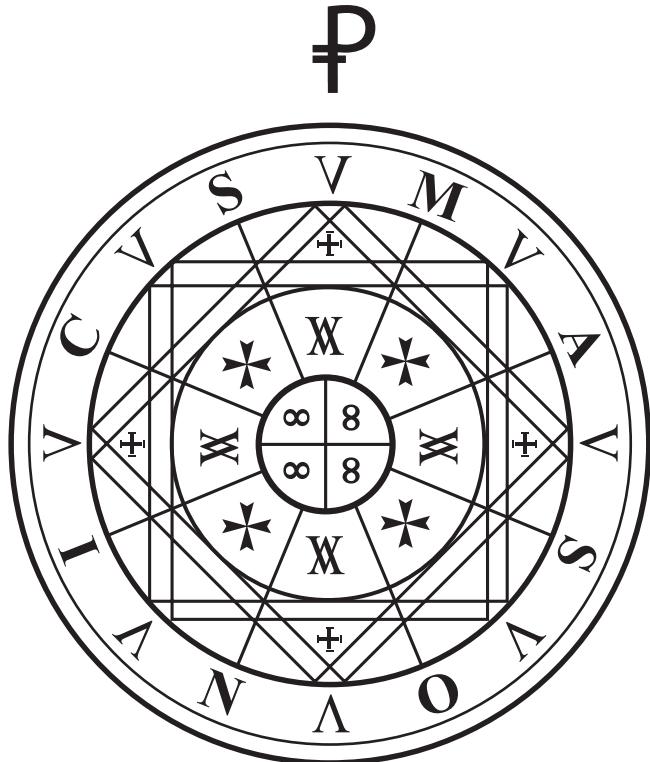


Fig.no. 26
Masonic Invocation of the Dead

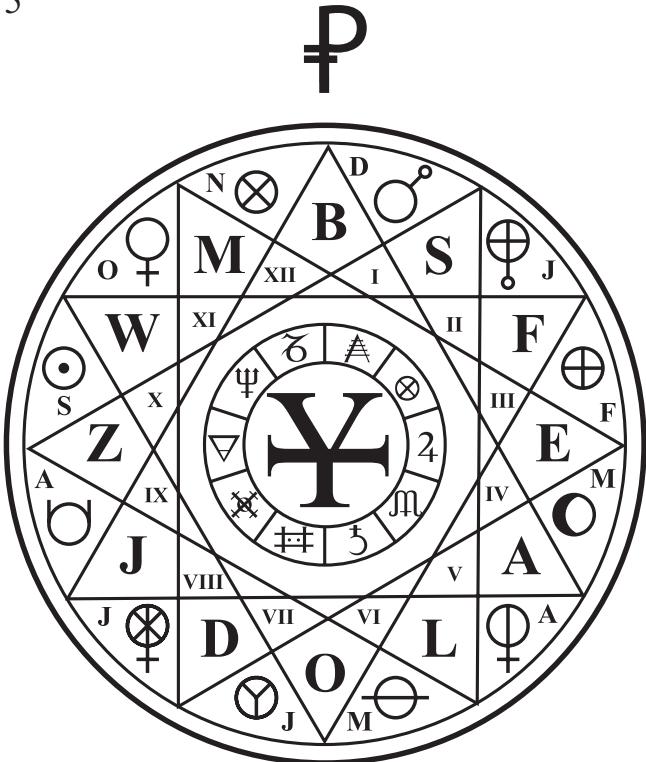


Fig.no. 27
A children's Zodiac based
on the Gregorian 12 house Zodiac:
Snake - Fish - Eagle
Ant - Lizard - Octopus
Deer - Jaguar - Zebra
Wolf - Monkey - Buffalo

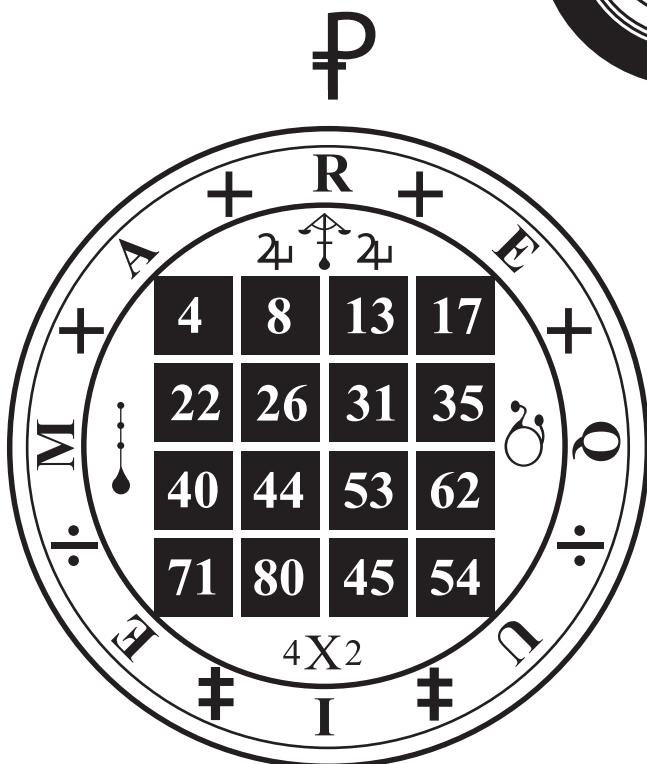
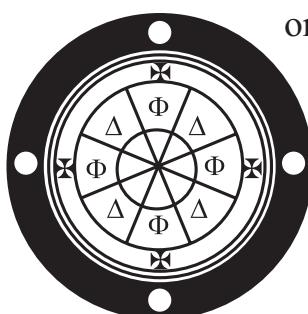


Fig.no. 28 Death By Numbers



Fig.no. 29
Vulcan Invocation
(Key of Solomon fig.29)

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

CHAPTER VI SCARAMANAS (Crest: Mermaid)

INTERNAL SARCOPHAGUS, INTERNAL SLEEP

The mother of Gods, the heart eater of Lazarus under the rule of Baal. The female gender Goddess Scaramanas killed and ate. Scaramanas, like most asexual mermaids, was secure in her strive and swam with the grace of a goddess. She as most mermaids had her alicorn hidden in her handbag, powered by the Duracell batteries, and yet, she only wished for the fame of a Medusa crown. The crown of sex. That dreaded poisonous crown of a female ruler that always will make all males obey her every sexual desire and command. And yet, the poor creature, having been used to the use of her alicorn in both cunt and ass, couldn't exactly go back to real cock. To make things worse, some oldtimers, were trying to turn back time to a much more civilised era, from where they had climbed down a tree and started a fire with two pieces of homonogamous wooden sticks. Scaramanas, the asexual mermaid, wondered what an oldfashioned dildo would look like? Maybe some old piece of wood, a stick, up her fanny and at the end of it a hornet's nest attached, for the pleasure of vibrations. As the oldtimers said: You must suffer beauty, just for the hell of it. Dome manual: Directive 8888-I-9. Erostat. In fear we find the courage of Khar-Tahn. The mermaid Scaramanas watched in awe as a Medusa slayed and killed the werewolves on the Copacabana beach. The Medusa used her gurka knives with the ease of a professional warrior. She beheaded one werewolf after the other and threw their heads in the waters. The mermaid Scaramanas swam down to one of the werewolf heads and began eating it. Uhmmm..finally some humanoid flesh. It has been a while since my last feed, she thought. But it had a weird taste to it, much like some Angus bull, the Angus meat of a bull fornicator, that had a strong weird taste to it. In fact the werewolf meat tasted so strong, that Scaramanas, the mermaid, wished that she could grow some legs and walk ashore to enter the nearest McDonald's and order a Big Mac with fries and a big Coca-Cola. But at least I will survive to see another sundown, she thought. And so was it with the mermaids in the world's oceans, all the sea witches and sea men seeking their orifices, which only few of the mermaids had. And the ever lustful King Neptune always wanted to show the mermaids his semen, not meaning Gene Kelly and his fucking gang of seamen, the randy sailors of yesterday. And should this book ever get published and get its own ISBN number, then will anyone know if the word sailor will exist 400 years from now? I truly hope it doesn't. But then again, as stated, if the future always have been around? Maybe that requires the element of faith, if not in fellowman, then in yourself, be you a Mermaid or a Medusa. And maybe all the virgin mermaids of the world would be better off with a religion conjured up by women. Has it ever been tried? Maybe we are just too caught up in the three patriarch religions. But a religion of Themawet, one fuck meat controller and all the fuckmeat below her, could probably work as charming as some old entish brothel keep religion, that starts off with an ABC. So is it with hardearned facts in a small place, called planet Earth. And Scaramanas swam to the surface after she ate the werewolf head, she bought out her pipe to smoke some sea weed. She always smoked her weed in the evening. She so wanted to grow a brain or two, to earn her Medusa crown. And so life continues in the underworld of oceans, the vastness so great, that mankind never will finish the task of exploring it. The vastness of a mind lost in information, might however produce some mental conditions, that is, if you never were taught to stack your knowledge in an order. Such as the tree of life (fig64). As goes for all trees of life, we can always debate the shape of the knowledge structure, as long as it is a free world, not held down by dragon's lore and outdated superstitions, folklore and tradition. Which brings us to the science of books. When was the last time that you read a good book? Hopefully books evolves and grow into newer books. But if literature cannot evolve past three patriarch religions? I rest my case. And so Scaramanas, the mermaid swam into her underground cave in the vastness of the ocean and started to read. Her library contained 38479 volumes of literature. She opened up the first book. 38478 books to recycle. But it is a start, that is, if you know an alfabet or two, so you may harness the content of a book. Be it an entish ABC or the King's and Queen's english. Amen.

Plate 6



Sun. Scarab (Mercury). Felinas. Earth. Moon.
Alpha. Nephilimus. Skeletor Helix. Bonobo Halo.
Wateridge. Anubis. Neebeeru. Prometheus. Selina.

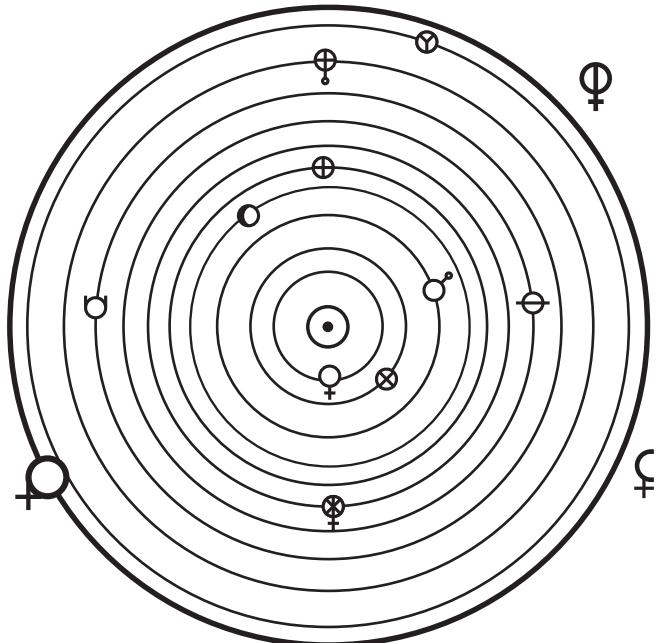


Fig.no. 30

The Sun Scarab - Cosmos Is Chaos (Planetary Alignment)

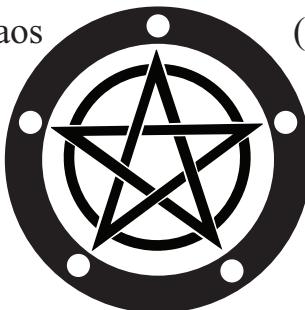


Fig.no. 31

(“The Safe Haven Of A Shaven”)
The Hour Of The Raven

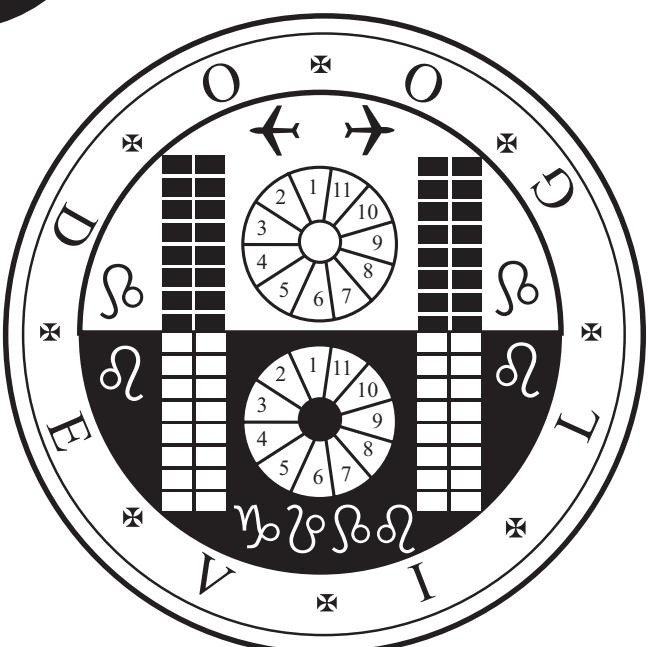
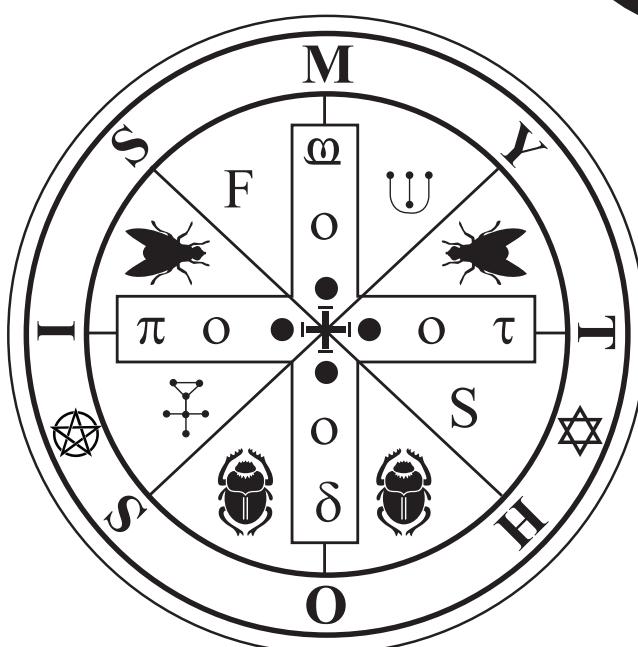


Fig.no. 32

The Greater Wings Of Egypt The Lesser Wing Of Solomon (Mythosis > Phimosis?)



THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

CHAPTER VII JA-BREE-EL (Crest: Angel)

HYMN AT THE HOUR OF RA

The Goddess of fertility, the lady of the sycamore. The lady of the sycamore sought pregnancy upon pregnancy till she felt sick no more. Most fallen angels seek the sex, the impregnation of their womb to escape the tomb and feel a bit of life soaring through their veins, as when they watch their dead children play. Sadness is bestowed upon all life, till death calls out your number. Which other creature can hold life and feel the life within her womb, then bring a child into this world, fully knowing of the namecalling of childbirth as being a parasitic infestation upon this world. Them angels must be some really tough customers. A tough cookie, and yet, no mortal man knows which way, the cookie crumbles. And yet I will proclaim: All life needs guidance in the valleys of the dead. Seeking life. Some will state the same values on duality, as the lines go: As above so below. But some might lower such a vibration and say: As above as below, meaning, Ass above ass below, when someone talks shit. In hindsight, most fathers must love their sons. Dome manual: Directive 8888-T-11. Tutarven. I commit my life into the hands of my master. I leave my soul and it's labours into the cast of the Orda's. Which I, in return promise loyalty and honour to the de-ath, in the name of Cod. (editorial note: God). Naturlaw is one hard law, as the Archangel energy Ja-bree-el always will proclaim God a woman from which all life spawns. Ja-bree-el holding the key for the resurrect. Ja-bree-el fighting the homonogamous killing nature of the Jehova. An endless conflict sowed amidst all the hells of all life which is cursed. So is the life of the fallen on a barren dead surface world and all life seek shelter, seek the twilight. To be freed from the beast's burden and to sing life into the dead bones of the dead skeletons and their skinwalkers of half-life. So is it, with this dead world. We all seek death and we all know that death will answer in the very end. A fact. It has been that way with this world since Egypt, if not longer. The name of the Archangel ever to be feared. It has only been uttered once in ALL of existence. Be it the name of Ja-bree-el or Gabriel. It's number is 121(4). That archangel energy that led to the fall and the dreaded curse of both Jacob and Isaac, both climbing the ladder of Job. All witches and whores, even Gods and angels, seek to fornicate the flesh of the Adonai, the sweet tender flesh of younger males. And all gets enslaved in the ribcage of males to worship the mirrored astralprojection of Adam's sorted rib. So is the curse upon all life. Demonology. You seek the gates of heaven only to enter hell. Such is life in the valley of the dead. A mirrored hellhole upon all of existence. HELL. And should you ever fail upon any given ladder of madness, then seek a council of lawyers. Seek the devil's advocate. And if you dont live in a failed nation and the trial should enter the courts. Then, do not say a word. Simply write two notes. Note 1: I will stand by it. Note 2: I will take the fifth. Let the lawyer speak on your behalf. And I, the black Tehuty, from the hidden Atlantis orbiter and from the black knight sattelite, obtained my independence and status, long ago. Eons of time ago. And I will always choose the first note. I will always stand by it. And I will always cause a strife or a war or two, because this world is stuck within twilight. It is stuck between two ills. So should you face death, then call on the Ja-bree-el or the Gabriel, call on the Archangel energy, in order to reenter the hells of Earth. Or silence your tongue and pray for the serpent to take your soul. Such a tranquil moment can only lead to peace. So be it. Certain energies gets withered by time and elements because they dumbstruck, yet, all knowingly choose not to believe. They are out of faith. I cannot save you, nor can I save the souls of the fallen. Address the inner serpent for peace of mind. If not, address the holy Archangel energy. Ja-bree-el. And such is it with the way of this world. Blendwerk, that holds the promise of grandeur in order to propel societies into a greater glory. Seek such glory and pleasures, live your life, while you still have life to live. In the end we all seek the smaller pleasures of existence, so is life. Be joyful of the present and fearful of the past. Such a line is garantied an amount of propulsion towards the future. But you might want to ask yourselves, if not the very future of our lifes dawns in the present, because the future always have been around. So saidth the great Tehuty from the orbiter. Peace upon your soul. Amen unto Amenta.

Plate 7

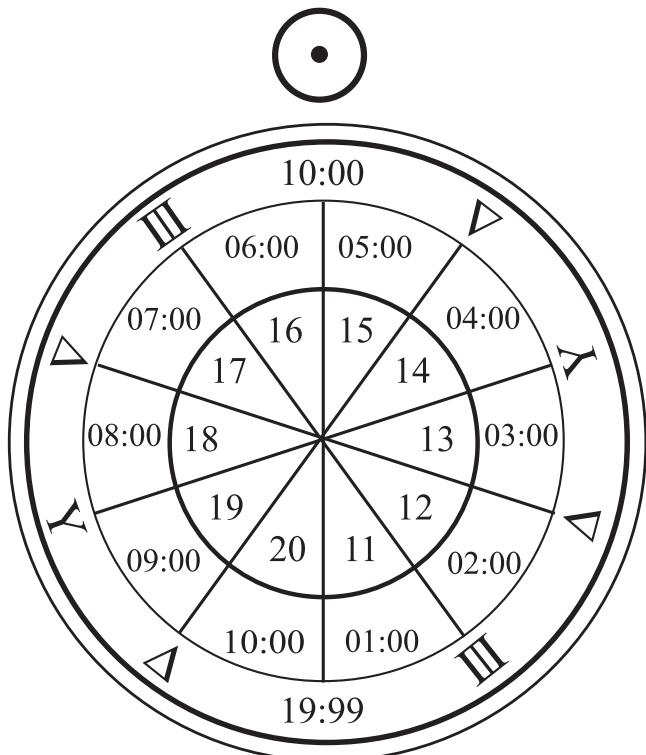


Fig.no. 34
Mayan Time

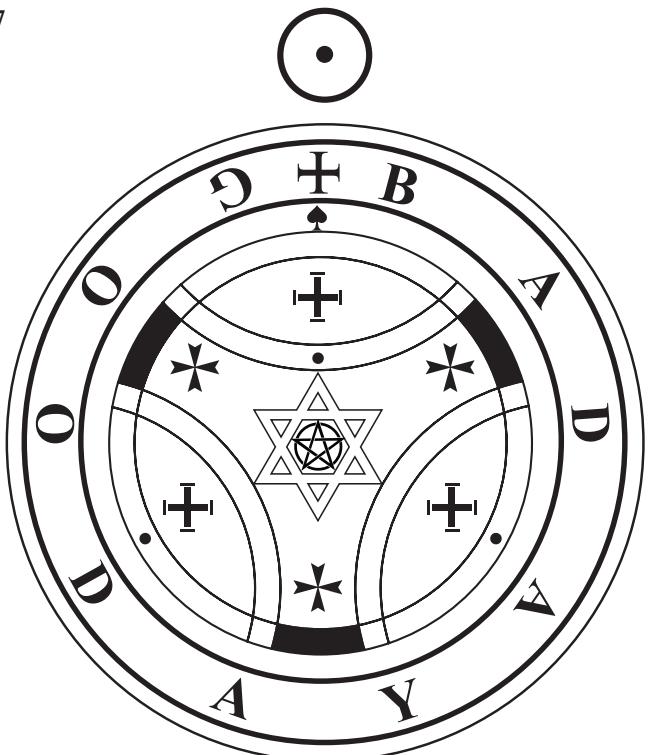


Fig.no. 35
Heal Of Internal To External
“Take The Good With The Bad”

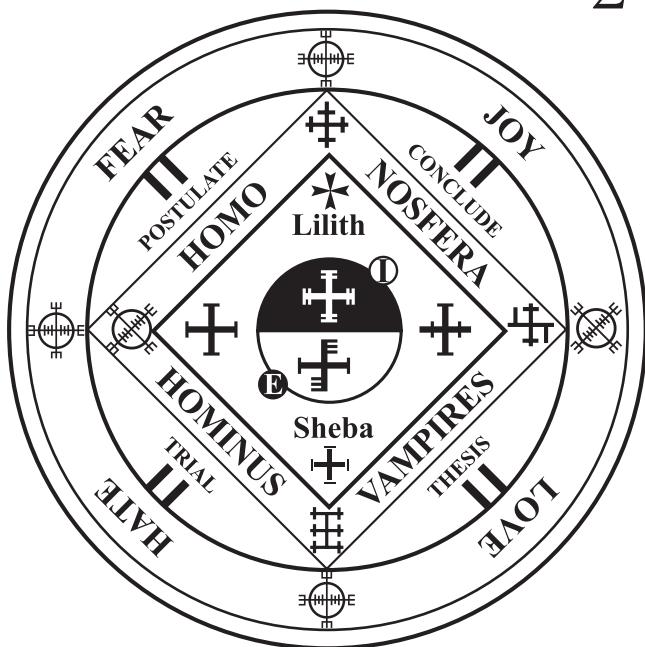
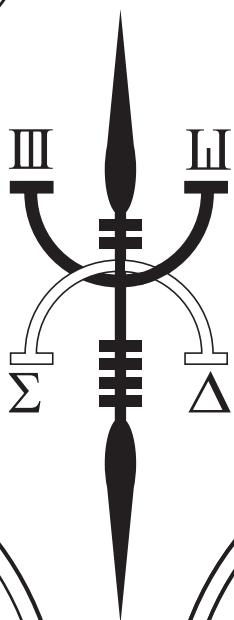


Fig.no. 36

Lilith - The Twilight Sorcerer

Names from the Bible. Bible (object).
An ancient novel full of murder, corruption,
homophobia, bestiality, incest and cruelty.
It is often read to children on a Sunday.



Fig.no. 37

Nephilim Invocation
Pregnancy Outside The Womb
Grown From Fetus
“GAIA”

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

CHAPTER VIII MAYAS (Crest: Alien)

BASTET A SOUND TREASURE, ETERNAL TIME

The Moon Goddess. The female gender Goddess Mayas lights up the night. An alien named Mayas, a moon goddess in her own right, lived in one of the four skyscrapers that served as center pillars for the Domecity. The four pillars where soaring the heavens and the entire Domecity structure had an floating foundation, so it could withstand floods and earthquakes and any seismic activity. Much like the domes situated in the ancient Temples and Cathedrals. The inner cities of the eight metropolis's in the world, had a Dome city. The eight metropolis's upon mother earth, mother earth, known as T.E.R.R.A, stood proudly tall in: London, New York, Paris, Cairo, Moscow, New Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro and Beijing (Dongcheng). All the dome-cities serving as eight arks for the humanoid species of mankind. The suburbanian cities up to the Dome cities awaited their next verdict. The next creastruction or their next neuclear destruction depending on the higher courts verdict. Had death been called to answer and did death answer back? Creastruction or destruction. Duality. Duality in this case being truth and paradox of truth. Dome manual: Directive 8888-B-11. Spike. Gen technology is truthfully the key for paradise or the tool for tyranni. The Dome people are not Gods, not heavenly winged creatures, as they see with their eyes and not their hearts. The future Dome cities of the world are hermetical closed units, not meaning a pyramid of stone, but actually cities with people living in the domes. Not another blendwerk like an ancient pyramid. The earthquake proof cities are constructed with a floating foundation and deep beneath the city a mantelcore of lead around the Nucleus plant, that provides the dome city with electricity. The mid underground subterrain is constructed as the London Underground tube system for civil transport and to move goods to all the stores and outlets. The insights of the workings of the termite hills in African should supply you with the strucual design of the Dome city's foundation. And the mayan moon Goddess Mayas were worried and concerned about the very progress of this planet. So many ressources being misused in a wrong way. The human race could contruct skyscrapers but no Dome over the city to contain it, an earthquake secured marvel like that ancient temple dome of King Solomons temple. And Mayas contacted Lord Palpatine and they both quickly concluded that all the oil were mainly meant for the metallurgy, but they also concluded that Master Yoda could repair and elevate an X-wing fighter, because the thing already can fly, but Master Yoda could not elevate an automobile, so it would seem. What a revered master of science he must be. So is the saddened tale of Master Yoda's jedi council under their selfproclaimed Muar-Di, he that seek such council, but only to loose his ancient Egyptian mind in streets of Ramessa. Yoda and the jedi's with their brothel keeps? All they want, is to fuck their brains out and they dont want to work to hard in the survival game. Such a sadden tale of truth. Master Yoda that only want to fuck and fornicate, yet, he cannot fornicate his own knowledge base because of his own antiquity. No male nor female would ever seek then employment line of the hammer and nails industrial core, thanks to the modern day invention of Lord Palpatines nailgun. So master Yoda said: salvage all that can be salvaged, hammers, nails, screws and bolts. Safe all of my old stuff and create restore masters that can fully restore my precious commodities, here in MY hospital. Master Yoda being in his solitary rubber cell. Alas, it was a fine and perfect opportunity for Lord Palpatine to sell some of the famed resin to the Lord of Antiquity, Master Yoda. So the Mayan Goddess Mayas said unto Master Yoda: How the black cloak finally becomes you, Master Yoda. That ancient lore of Gnosis, The letter Y of a deity and the letter O of a God. Meanwhile Tehuty from the Orbiter just sat down and drank some coffee from starbucks and awaited his scripture to be acknowledged and published and awaited to see if progress would take a turn for the better. To fornicate is the black arts, but I was not referring to sticking your cock in a Misty Stone, although such an offer would have been tempting. The racism of a skincolour and the patriotism of a selfproclaimed state of victory is two ills upon the mind of any redneck, thought the great Tehuty. Well, I will do likewise, thought Luke Skinwalker, just for the hell of it. He opened up a cold one and lit up one of his fag. Aman?

Plate 8

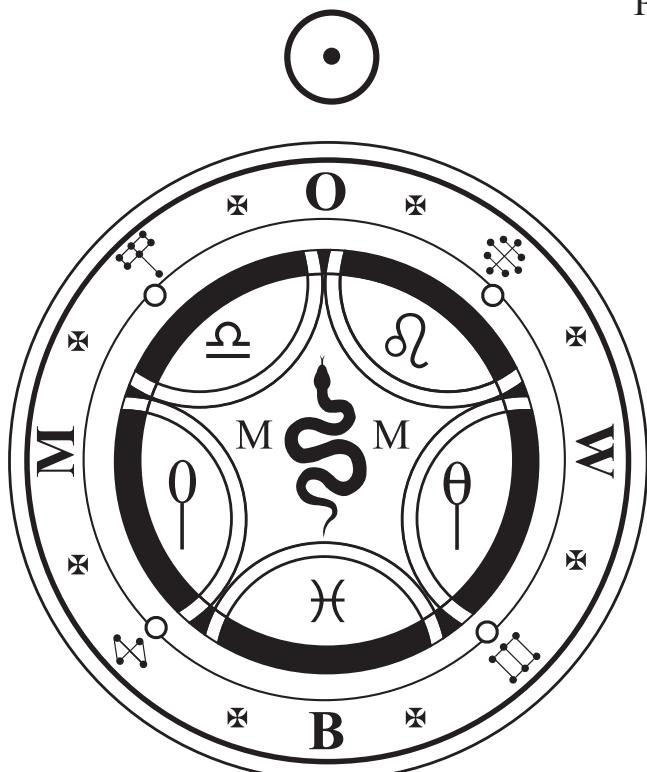


Fig.no. 38

Tomb To Womb

The Rebirth

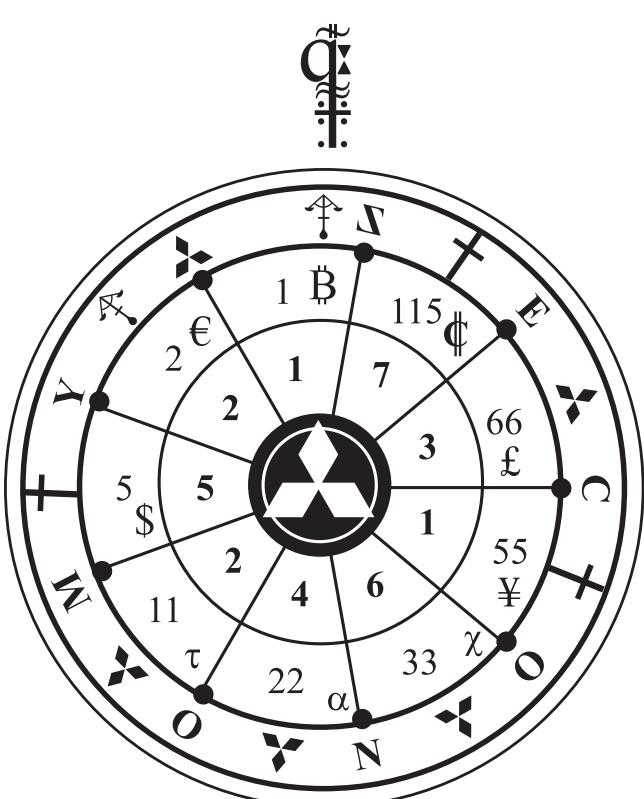


Fig.no. 39
Enterprise Money
Economy Z
“ I Am Not A Crook”



Fig.no. 40

The Madness Of Nightingale

Medic Invocation

“We All Fall To Rise”



Fig.no. 41
Atlantis II
“The Mute Hen And The Singing Crow”

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

CHAPTER IX RAMAR-GETTON (Crest: Predator)

HE OWNS RICHES UNDER SEAL

Ramar-Getton, the avian God of war and hunting. The male gender God Ramar-Getton created weapons and arms. Ramar-Getton went into the arms room and picked his favorit weapons of the wall. His favorite items of weaponry was the weapons that had a counter recoil mechanism. Him, being in his later years, not having the arms strength of a younger male. And Ramr-Getton sat down at his kitchen table and tended his priced weapons. Any cause has an effect, according to a creators law. Then the unknown law, the lore bends such law. Any cause has an effect, my ass! Thought Ramar-Getton and started polishing his firearms. Fuck karma. Dome manual: Directive 8888-Y-8. Reptus. The children of the dust. In the children we sow the future. So they may grow strong in spirit, till the hour of rebellion, where they will reap the wind of the world. We must summon our courage and gather our strength to fight the ancient Gods and subdue the heathens and their offspring infidels. Ramar-Getton stayed in one of the smaller houses on 51st street between the 2nd and 3rd avenue. The old God of warfare, loved the black magical Manhattan. He stopped cleaning his firearms and put them away. He went into a tiny kitchen and started cooking. He had never been a great cook, but he got by on common sense and on what he himself considered decent food. He found the cooking pot, he then took 1 cup of rice (half parboiled rice and half Basmati rice) then added 2 cups of water. He put the cook pot on the stove and waited for the rice to boil. He then cooked the rice on low heat for eleven minutes and took the pot of the stove so the rice could sit for another eleven minutes. He then cooled the rice in the fridge. Later on he would take a bowl and fill it, half with rice and with a can of tuna, he would stir it up with some of the famed Ravigotte sauce, that he got specially imported from abroad, together with some ground pepper. He would eat, one or two bowls a day, and with it, two pieces of white bread with butter. So went most of his days in Manhattan. Money were always tight in Manhattan. The riches of the rich, he thought unto himself. All of a sudden, a knock on the door. Ramar-Getton got up and opened the door, outside stood his old master and the fathering element behind him. He knew him, inside out, he had known him for what?...3000-4000 years and he always showed himself with a fullbeard. Today he was clean shaven as a baby. They looked eachother in the eyes, they both knew it. It was go-time. Ramar-Getton let his old master in doors and they sat down over beer and whiskey. They both conversed over the weather and all sort of things, concerning the everyday life of this planet. To shoot the breeze. But both silently being ever so aware of the old templar codes. They both had a great time cooking dishes of a high quality and spend time remebering the few good time that they had together. The master excused himself after two weeks stay in Manhatten and travelled home. Ramar-Getton thought not much off it, till some years later when a revisit, send chills down his spine. A sudden knock at the door, and the old master reappeared. But something was off, Ramar-Getton felt it. Was it a twin of the old master? He could hardly walk and his appearence wasn't the same. Was it a skinwalker? Some skinjob, a clone, seeking death? He took his chance and let the fake master enter. The twin master also stayed for two weeks, and while he were in the presence of Ramar-Getton, he took an interest in all of his literature. But Ramar-Getton looked through the oldtimer. Wondering if he even could read at all. Maybe he was a disciple of the Jehova goaters, the illiterates that claimed high scholarship, but couldn't read, yet alone understand. A twin master? He should know better, but he had doubts of the appearence of what he dubbed, the twin master. Before the twin master travelled home he silently placed a green book on the shelves in the home of Ramar-Getton, but he never said one word. Ramar-Getton, knew that it was his last orders and prayed that he never ever had to open the book. This has the very moment Ramar-Getton had awaited since his own birth. IT WAS GO-TIME. Time to believe of higher laws and of divine karma. Time to believe in your own holster as being a vessel for divinity. time to man up and face facts. Time to close the door and believe in privacy and the slow death and decay of his organism. Time to let, by-gones be by-gones. Time to say fuck you and await the higher ruling of clowns. Amenta.

Plate 9

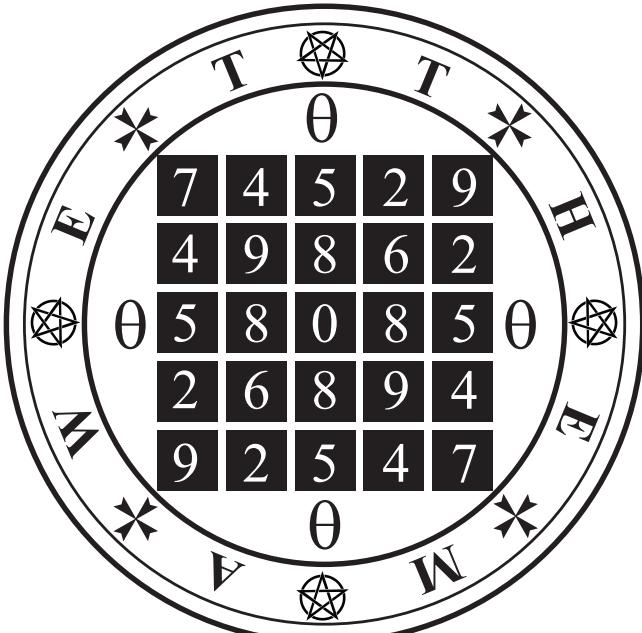


Fig.no. 42
Life By Numbers

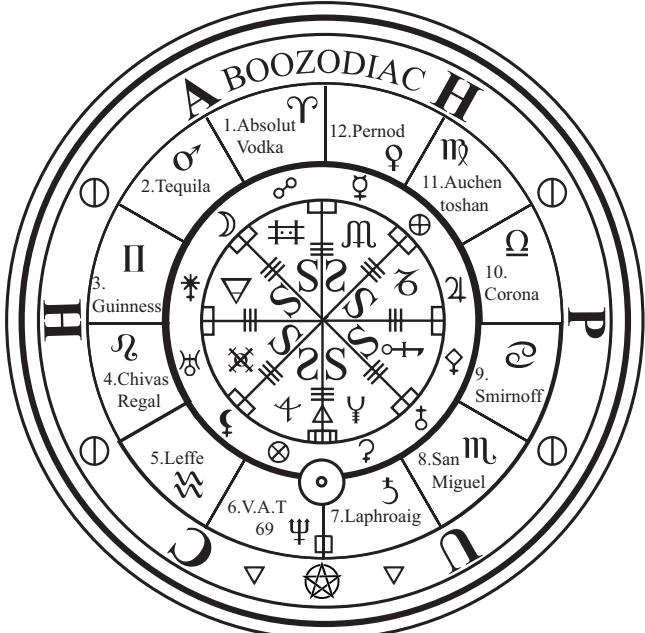


Fig.no. 43
The Boozodiac - Тхе Бooзодиац
“Jesus One. Christ Two.
God Who? - Drinks are on me”



Fig.no. 44
Dead Realm Requiem
Monogamy End Seal
Marriage In Honour Of The Lamb

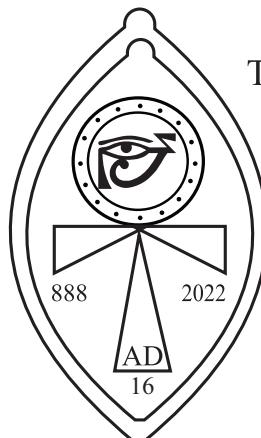


Fig.no. 45
Deathdealer Extraordinaire
“Can A Dead Man Bury Himself”
Serpent Souls

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

CHAPTER X NOSFERATUS (Crest: Vampire)

A MYSTERY ON NECROMANCY

Amon or Amun-Ra, the God of the air. The hidden one. The wings of the Nosfera.

A hidden timelord. The male gender God Nosferatus and his servant Amun-Ra always trained their scouts for warfare. The old vampire sat down and drank his redwine, while he reminiscenced about the olden days, which he thought more civilised, where a vampire and a gentleman could drink straight from the major artery of any man or woman. And Nosferatus, the old vampire lord said in the spirit of a father unto a mother, all dead children are at home, in twilight, in death. There are no orphans in the Universe. The Universe is a mental state of affairs, the power of thought. The enlighten ones call it, God or *Khu* or Elo-jinn or even Jinn. I will refer to it, as energy! There now, honey, let me suck the life out of you. The old vampire lord grabbed a pen and paper and started writing: **The universal thinker. Existence, is a flux between a continuous, decline and incline of various energyforms and matter, on various levels of existence.** There I said it and wrote it in the bloodred ink of eternity. A religion to end all religion. My Religion. The red blood coagulated and turned black. And the scars on the black skin, turned into white scar tissue. I, Nosferatus, will stand by these pages. A black Sarcophagus. The kingdom resides within you. Awakened by the wisdom of Methusalem. Watched by Nosferatus. Arisen by the hand of Lazarus. And yet, we, the watchers, the holy spirit, the cosmic squid, will always serve unto Egypt, unto the dead, turning the undead. Knowing life, beyond doubt. Such received testaments must be treated respectfully. The old vampire arose from his sleepers coffin in the dawn of twilight and went into his small kitchen. He had the stanky breath of a goat. He quickly found the rum on 80% alcohol and rinsed his gums and his decaying teeth. Never drink the stuff, thought the vampire. It actually tastes exactly like the old egyptian embalming fluids with added alcohol. I will await a fine hasskey whiskey from Ramessa. There was once a woman who very much wished to have a child, but, alas, she could not obtain her wish. At last she went to the lit tomb of the Underworld and said to the Vampire Lords, "I should so very much like to procure a child; can you tell me where I can find one?" "Oh, that shall be made easy," said one of the Lords. "For all the female felines bears and sacrifices their eggs, to the skinwalkers, known as Homo Sapiens. A breed of a different kind and it is grown in the Earth lab, and while most of the chickens eat their own eggs in vanity; you must find a true hen mother and let the males enter, and wait and see if anything happens. Life always seems to find a way, I am sorry to say!" "Thank you," said the woman, and then she donated 22 pounds, which was the price of the male skinwalkers semen and his courtship. She then called her whores to her home and the male skinwalker spermed them all one by one, till their cups were full of it. The woman experimented with her whores in all kind of ways and with different sexual constellations. But not all women had children. However one virgin that had a foursome with three male skinwalkers in one night all of a sudden became impregnated, but of who the father was? No one could tell. The woman jokingly dubbed the three skinwalkers, the three wise holy men of Boot-ledoom. The virgin gave birth and the woman did indeed procure a child, as foretold by the gnostic vampire Lords. The virgin gave birth to a little gem, a beautiful baby girl which she named Tombalite. OH...how I wish I had a Resetta stone with the name Tombalite carved into it, said the old vampire lord, while he drank some well earned rum from the barrel standing in the livingroom of his crypt. I so want to stay in one of the two towers of San Remo, in an elevated crypt of souls long forgotten by mortals, uttered the old vampire king, as he lit up one more coffin nail, a cigarette. Weed need some more oxygen markers. Cigarettes and weed. The only humane way to wake one of the dead. Dome manual: Directive 8888-O-6. Nosferatus. The verdict of the emperor is final, all refusal results in a death sentence. The genpools of the reactionary will be eliminated from the Dome bio archives, erased from the book of life. Conclusion: Maybe there is nothing wrong with the very existence, itself, but the dead engine room is as mad as hell, seeking the sexual release of love. The sexual fornication of minds and flesh, alike. Amen unto Amenta.

Plate 10

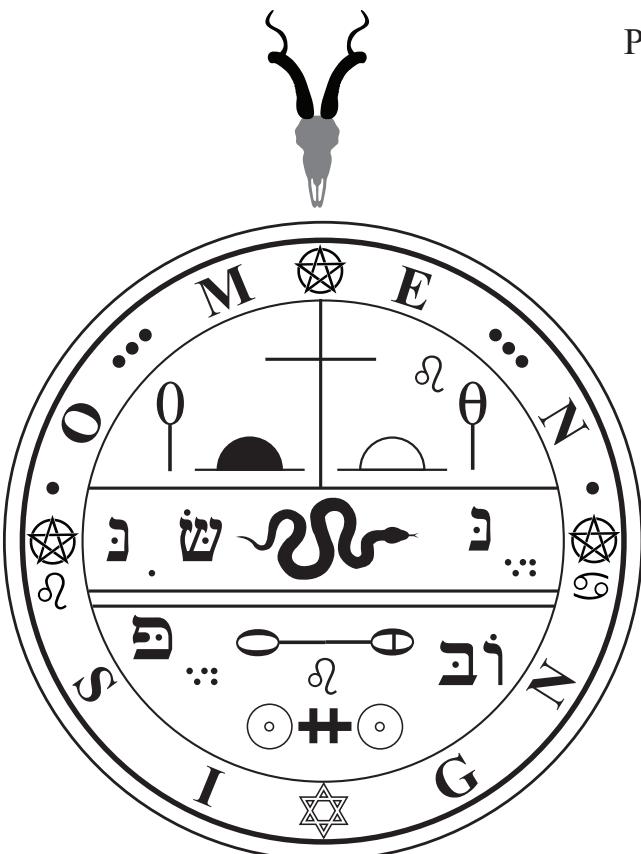


Fig.no. 46

ବାବତ୍ରବହୁଳୀ ଠଡ଼ରଫ - Serpent's Void

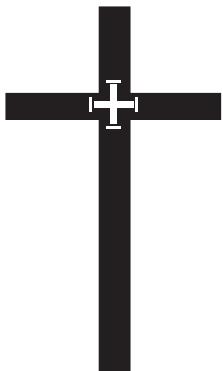


Fig.no. 47

D.I.Y Cross - Ощзинороощс

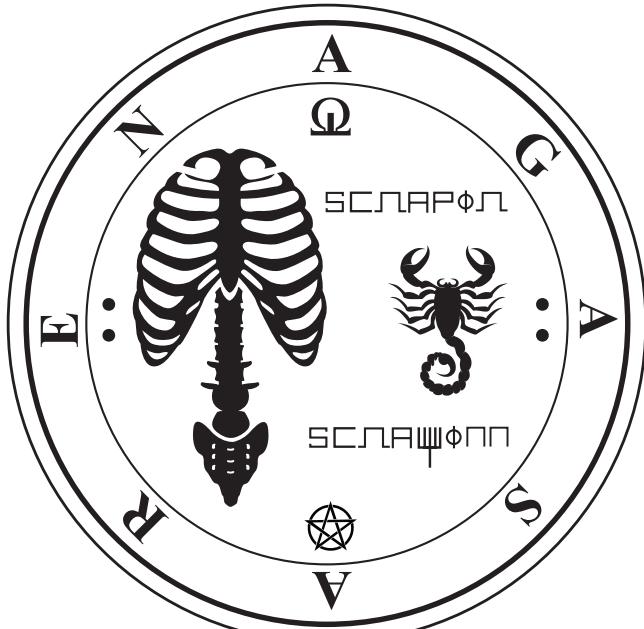


Fig.no. 48
Internal Affairs
“Phychic Attack & Self Defence”

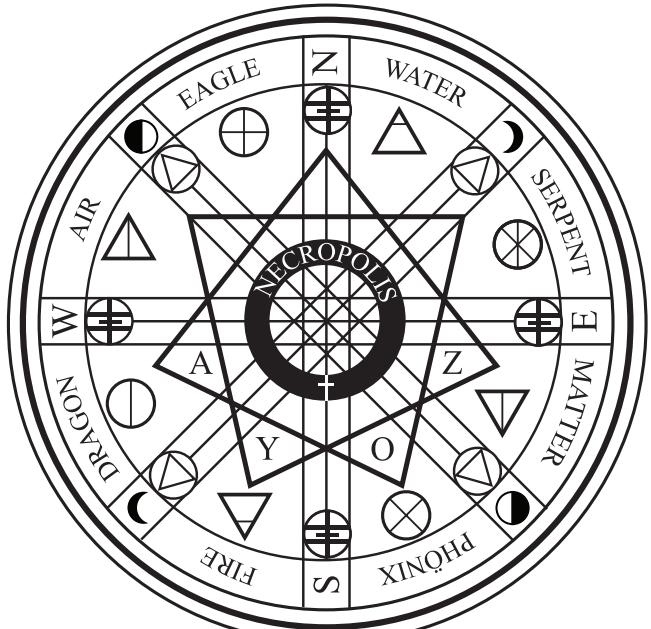


Fig.no. 49
The Elements Of Genetics
YAZO The Base Of Matter (M)
MYOZA - Meiosis (AGTC - gat c?)

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

CHAPTER XI SHAWOMANE (Crest: Spirit)

SEEK ETERNAL KING HORUS MIDST ETERNAL TREASURE

Shawomane, the Goddess of destruction The female gender Goddess Shawomane timbered a tree in the midst of the night. The female shaman gathered the fruit and flowers of the trees crown so she could create her medicins. She then gathered som herbs in the nearby underwood in the moonlight. The shaman looked into the nightsky. The tinkerbells floated in the mist of the forest like fireflies, but Shawomane knew better, she knew what those spirits were. Homeless spirits, called wisps, fallen spirits without a host organism. Spirits invoke me, she whispered in the shadows. Spirits, she thought. Those well informed with the inner enlightenment, call the spirit, the *Khu*. Dome manual: Directive 8888-M-5. Harrich. Destruction wheels creativity as creativity wheels destruction. All intelligens moves between those two poles, producing creastruction. The higher law. And as it is, with the way of a wisp, so is it, with the nature of mortal man and those touched by the spirit, the deity. The deity of the twilight. The mental principle and the paradox of divinity, are the mortal coil, around us all. The deity will always conceive his or hers reality with a dose of greyscale and think that they can bend the law of nature. Such three deities were unlawfully nailed to a holy cross with three blood spikes through their hands and feet in the superstitions of the Dragons lore. That old Egyptian lore of the ancient law of hermetical closure of only one human body. The old teachings by the synagogues of the dead. Proclaimed DIVINTY. A failed attempt to erect a shrine of HOLY ORDER. The synagogues of the dead and their selfmade masters, apply their own law by bending existing lore. The only shielding, being the blvck alchemy that transcend such a bliss in order to make the process of life bearable for the survivors, the living. Such a masterhood does not detail broken dreams, nor lost visions or even visions of grandeur. But will detail higher law subduing the lower lore, in order to avoid pain. Transgression of resession by lore. Hated by all, but a peacebringer for certain individuals. Is death the acceptable measure in a scale pan of injustice? By all means: NO. The jinns, the Elo-Jinns, the spirits, the wisps, the *Khu*, all terms for the same thing, the same phenomena. The fallen spirits without a home, the holy spirit. The virgin-births by the wisps of the Nosfera, the serpents from the invisibel kingdom that impregnates all women from within. That is an law of nature, although folklore to other people. That is a faith and not an unholy order. The holy spirit can however ever hold any true order, the reason why some will claim it, an unholy order. And the reason for the labelling of unholy, is due to the killing. All scriptures of divinity clearly states that thou shall not kill. If you must, then tickle. Always turn the blade towards yourself as a samurai, and feel the pain of lost love towards fellowman. So is the truth, the swords must be turned internally in you, in order, for you to grow. To elevate into a state of a higher being, forgiveness. So is the holy law of Druid Knoetall, the law of arseholes, and we are all born with one. Sitting on an arse (editorial note: Donkey) does not make it any better. You might chew the grass, not knowing of the arse, weed does that to a man. But I do like my spirits, from time to time, thought Shawomane. Redwines and the finer ports. Medicine for some, yet, a curse bestowed unto others. What ever gets you up in the morning, right! Shawomane cooked her dinner with the herbs, she had found in the forest, she then had her toilette and took a shower, and went to bed and fell asleep. She awoke in the middle of the night by a strange sound. She opened her eyes and a big bonobo ape stood in the bedroom. Monkeysex, great! thought Shawomane. But something was off, the creature looked malnurished. The ape smelled her feet. Argh...footfetish, said Shawomane. But then the ape sank his teeth into her feet. She felt a pain shooting through her, but kept her tongue. At least they could have fed the ape before any sexual encounters, she thought. Always fuck before you eat, what an ape! The ape began eating her body. Well, at least, I am better off this time round. This is better than the pregnancies outside the womb as practiced by the nephilim lords. To die in childbirth, only to watch your uterus being moved elsewhere,so that they can grow the fetus into a nephilim. Oh..well! thought the Shaman Shawomane, it has been swell, I have lived all my life by the swell and is sick of the old cock and baal. I will, at least, die in peace.

Plate 11

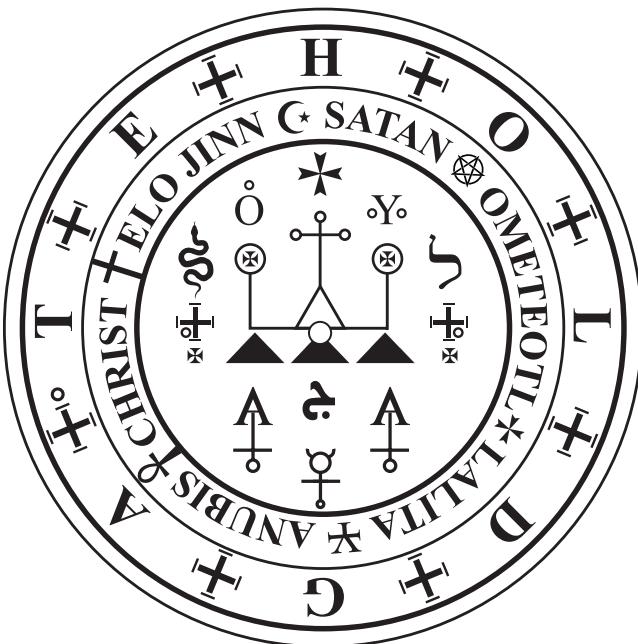


Fig.no. 50
The Ancient Hill Of Dread
TETRAGRAMMATON
The destroyer of Egypt



Fig.no. 51
ХАДЕС
Realm Of Hades
“Hags In Rags”

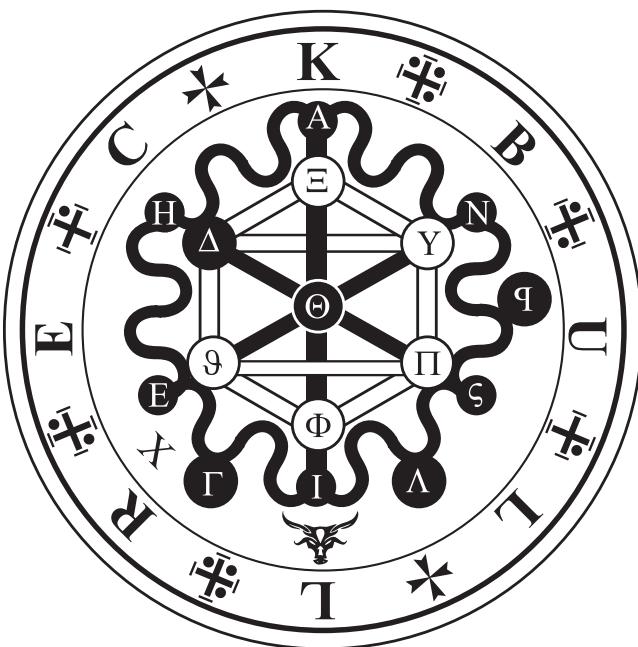


Fig.no. 52
Bull's End
“The Holy Bog”



Fig.no. 53
Karma Touch By Death
“Death Grip”

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK I

CHAPTER XII METHUSALEM (Crest: Wizard)

THE HOUR OF THE HOUR

Methusalem, the God of writing and wisdom. Methusalem, a timelord. God of time. The male gender God Methusalem created some paper out of the ashes from Alexandria. To create the virgin paper, like the black alchemy of a union between Hunifer and Lucifer. The gender principle of duality. The duale masculinity. The duale femininity. Somewhere in the vastness of the universe, in a solar system that has no relevance to this story. A green bright star threw out it's green rays of light. The planet called Earth. The inhabitants of the planet were hardworking people. And it's most valuable asset was honey. Fully knowing that honey rhymes with money. Man progressed in his quest to find his creator. He could sit within sophistication around the dinner table with his family and eat till full, while his destructive wars of his trusted servants roamed the killing fields. Man cleverly invented maschines, that could send voices and crystalized visions through the air. These inventions were not always used right and misinformation and deceptions guided the masses. Man exploited Earth as a man raping a woman, like a psychopath without any conscience, that rapes a girl of her virginity and sanity. Earth was exploited and through development man became a stranger to nature, as nature became a stranger to man. Man made nature inferior and placed himself on the throne as a superior being. By making nature inferior, man felt he had the right to use the assets of mother Earth. He exploited her without any mercy and used her vulnerability without mercy. It could not continue, the state of affairs, and the mindgame of East and West were developed. But nature was the true victim of circumstance. The system of the West made people extremely rich and the system of the East made people extremely poor, and both powers were forgetting the North and the South of upper and lower Egypt from ancient past. Greed will always grab a hold on people, as narcissism is a godgiven right that sustains life. And it occurred, people became obsessed with power and honey, meaning money. But all servants of the black cloth of the pikes-men will always proclaim: that greed is good for you, because it sustains your very own life, your very own livelihood, till you expire and are being declared dead. Greed is, in all it's essence, a acceptable way of life. Most males of this dreaded Earth seek the fysical relationship, not the emotional relationship. That is the law of nature and women always seek the law to turn it into lore. Some women call it love. Does it even exist? So what can we as a human race arrive at, when it comes the gentechnologies versus the wellknown computerised defence organisms? Someone kindda invented the HIV-virus. The people of the East felt downtrodden, and excelled in the glory of souls. Faith. But what does a higher faith detail exactly? Maybe this, the belief systems of immortality! Is immortality real? Best guess is no, but it gets you up in the morning. Right? So the drive of a western civilisation is secured, but will it secure your mental state of mind? No. The asexual divide between East and West is unholy. The ancient divide of North and South is HOLY. As it is sexual, as in the meaning: FORNICATION. Sex in the mind transcending to the body. Many are the angels in possession of this key and many are the numbers of angels and the total number of Arch angels comes to the number 14. 14 Arch angels and a sea of angels surrounding them and upholding the ark of this old covenant. Renewal is the law. Renewal is the whole of the law. Renewal in body and mind to elevate the spirit. So they may FORNIMATE. Few will enter and fewer will live to see the day, without any creative or hidden keys from the kingdom of invisibility. The key of angels. Cursed be the one which worship these arts without the knowledge to understand our key. Cursed be the one that invoke the name of God out of his or her own vanity. They shall exercise the punishments of the infidels in Hells cradle, surrounded by unclean spirits, to render blindness. Our God is great and he is forever changing, that is his curse for all eternity. Cursed be the one that takes a Lords name in vain. Cursed be the one that uses this knowledge for pure evil. He or she forever cursed, in this world and cursed in the next world and for all worlds to come. Cursed by the very name he or she took in vain, thy name is Methusalem of Skeletor.

Plate 12



Fig.no. 54
Loss Of Virginity
“Can A Virgo Sign
Convert To A Taurus Sign”

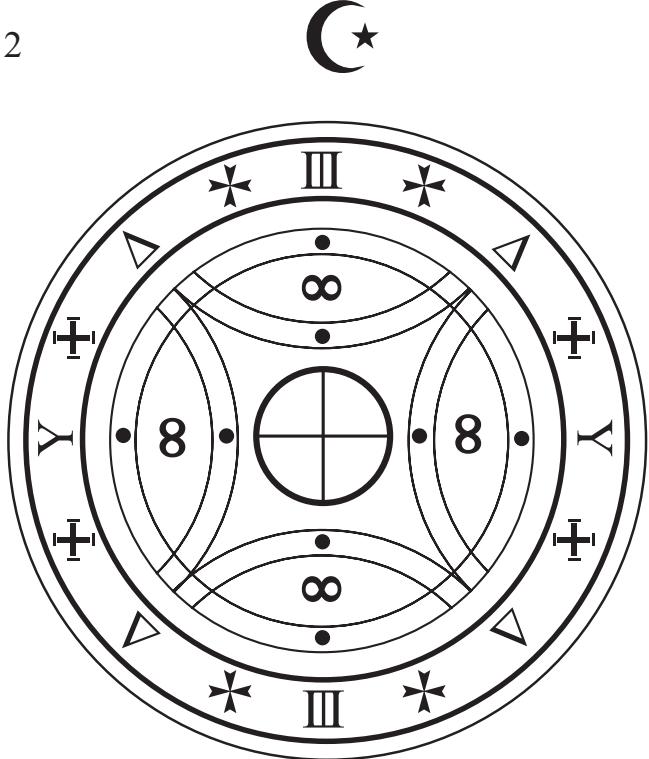


Fig.no. 55
Mayan Bless



Fig.no. 56
Virgin Mythology
The Begining Of Virginity
“Can Gemini Dock With Capricorn”



Fig.no. 57
Mayan Crown Of Bliss

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK II

CHAPTER I SKELETOR (Crest: Necromancer)

PLEASURE - THE ANGRY HORSEMAN

Skeletor of Salem, the God of all craftsmen. The male gender God Skeletor builded masterful buildings that dwelled in balance with natures bliss. Nothing is calm, all is in motion, all vibrates, thought the skeleton warrior of Tutankhamon, Skeletor. All is in motion, I can feel it. The worms in my brain are moving. But I will only serve unto the seven, said the old skeleton necromancer. The seven principles. There are seven Elo-jinns. Those who know and understand them, owns a magical key, that will open the doors under the sleep state called REM. The teleport is an open port and it can never ever be closed. Amen.

The universe. The source, the *Khu*, creates the spirits of eternity in multiple universes through the eon of time, itself. And it restores entire worlds in a blink of an eye. Dome manual: Directive 8888-R2-D2.

Highpriestess Sheila. In the labyrinth we fear all, on the surface we fear but one, the anger of ancient Gods. Skeletor went: humm...ancient Gods? Skeletor, a known necromancer, lived in a small cottage on the seven hills in Salem, where he worshipped the worship of the Song of Solomon, an ancient script from 2021 AD (Anno Domino). An ancient script considered a holy book for some. The witchcraft of the seven. The witchcraft of Solomon. Him and his witches worshipped the old text and lore and fornicated their flesh all night long, till the sun came up. On this particular evening he had vibrated his seven prayer of worship from within, the power of thought. He then halled his boney ass into his small kitchen, a small tea kitchen, becoming a necromancer, befitting a king of bags and a bag of bones. His ageing skin hanged in threads and were all grey and in between the scar tissue you could see the showing blue veins. He hardly had any teeth left, he lost those long ago, in the holy crusades in Jerusalem. He went through the cupboards in the small kitchen and found an old can of red herrings, which had a past sell date from September 11 - 2001. Well, that will do: said the old skeleton warrior to himself. He opened the can and with his grey skeleton hands, he took out one of the two red herrings. He smelled the fish and thought: Well, habits die hard. I lost my sense of smell during the Second worldwar. He extended his blue tongue and slowly licked the red herring, it was saur, do it was doable, at least for his stature, he then, as he hardly had any teeth left, swallowed the whole fish in one go. He then swallowed the second red herring and drank a small amount of water. He always hated if he drank too much and the liquids would seep through the thin skin between his ribs. He doublechecked the last selldate and said: If it weren't to much? Would the good Lord of antiquity, please, resurrect a fresh herring or two, nothing worse than a stale old red herring. He then stumbled to the worn couch, the sofa, and sat down to digest. He witnessed how the stomage in a matter of minutes swelled up to a gut the size of a bowlingball. Oh..well. he thought: It always comes and goes, that ancient syndrome of the necromancers. Carls blubbergut syndrome. The wind got the better of him and he farted a few farts, praying, that it only would be farts. He then burbed and by accident, his right eye fell out of it's socket, till it hanged on his right cheek: I always hate it, when it does that. He inserted the eye back in it's socket. But the necromancer felt blessed. He had reached an ripe old age in serving Satan and had reached an age where he finally could close his door and slap his arse down into the sofa and shit in the couch if he wanted to.

He had been lucky on a few occasions. Bad shit in, bad shit out. But life is utter horseshit: thought the old skeleton warrior. You wake up in the morning. You've survived to face another day of eternal damnation. You feel the madness of uncertainty upon your own existence. You sometimes fake a smile to a child. And then reminiscing about the ancient past, you cry over the faith of children. So is this life of a necromancer, cursed for an eternity, that transcends time and space. Seen in such a light, you cry over beauty. Then you start to hate fake beauty. An old justification of the beautification in an engine room older than Baal, himself. Skeletor of Salem, switched on the television, the dead white light and gazed into it. Trying to see if he could tricker some activity amongst the parasitic worms that crawled around in his brain. He then, poured himself a Jameson, a whiskey and said: Poor wee Jenna, then he wanked a load off. Got a load of. Better?

Plate 13

~~ABZ22II D II~~

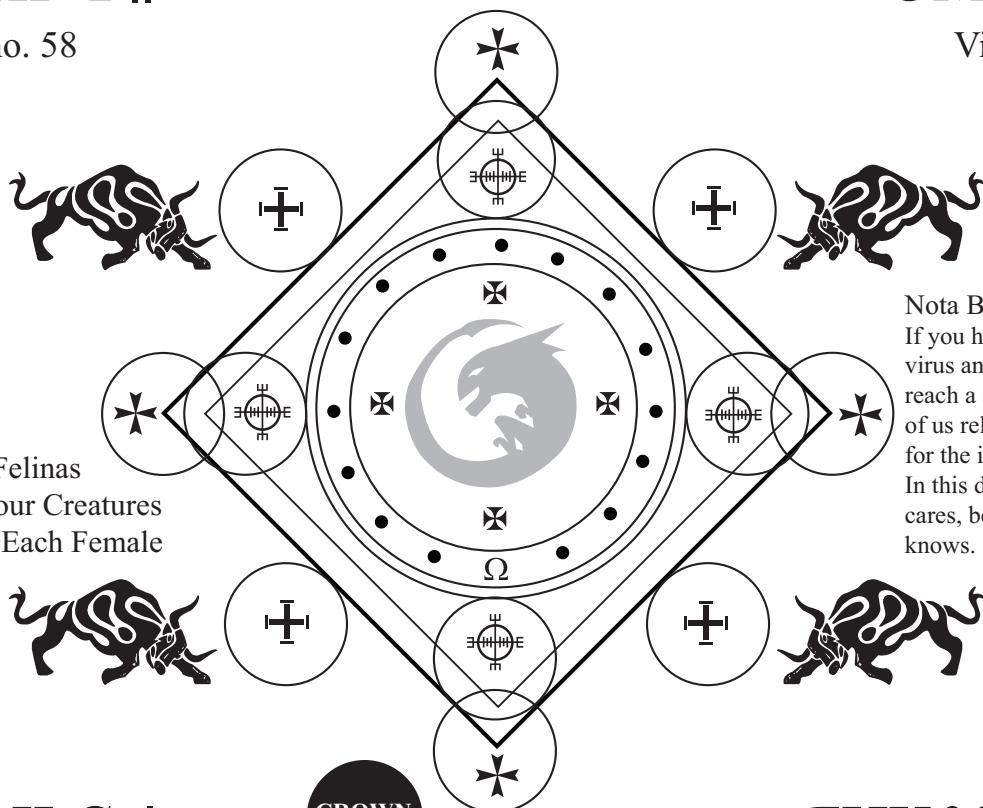
Vira F: Fig.no. 58

~~C MX33II A~~

Vira G: Fig.no. 59

Fig.no. 60

The Venus Of Felinas
The Base Of Four Creatures
Four Males To Each Female



Nota Bene:

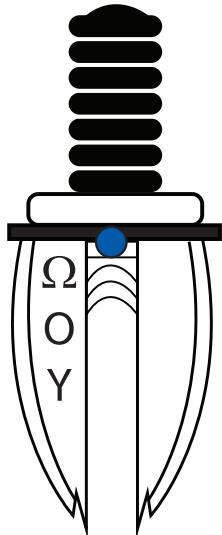
If you have created both the vira/virus and the vaccine. Then we reach a state of affairs, where some of us rely on nature forces and wait for the immune system to kick in. In this day and age, nobody really cares, because EVERYBODY knows.

~~BXD11II C~~

Vira H: Fig.no. 61

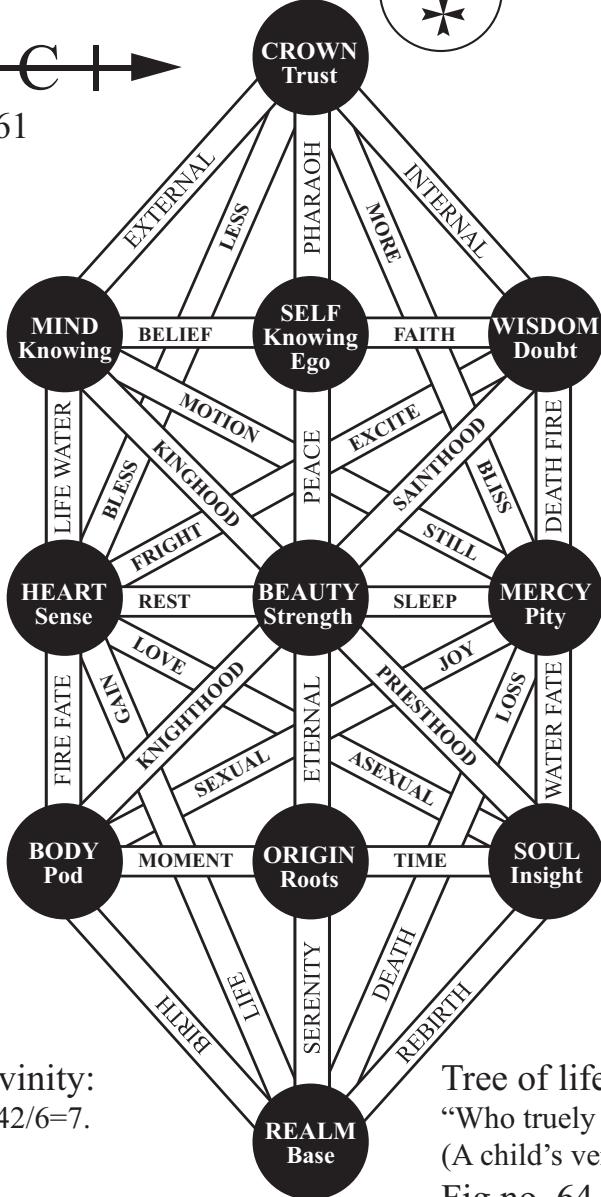
~~GHIK0000 III C~~

Vira I: Fig.no. 62



Joy Blade

Fig.no. 63



Old Religion Divinity:
 $2 \times 7 = 14$. $14 \times 3 = 42$. $42 / 6 = 7$.

Tree of life - Feud over mere words. (Brain=Binah)
“Who truely knows if you are beautiful on the inside”.
(A child’s version with the knowledge neuron structure of ten)
Fig.no. 64

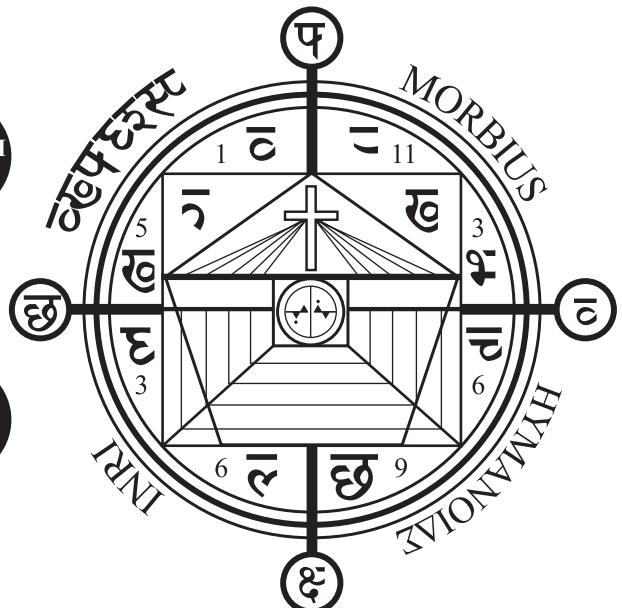


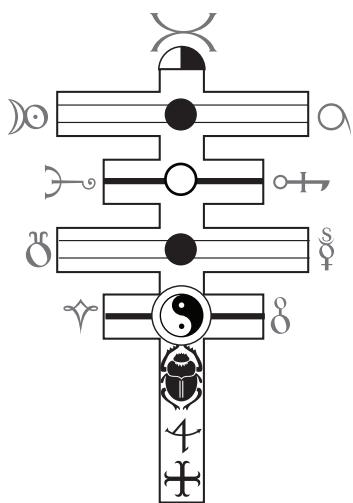
Fig.65. XXX (N1E3W9S3)
“No News Is Good News”

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK II

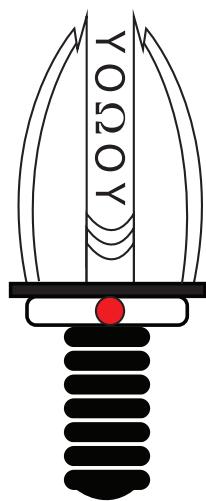
CHAPTER II LUCIFER EL SHADDEÏ (Crest: Ghost)

SLEEP ETERNALLY THROUGH HOURS

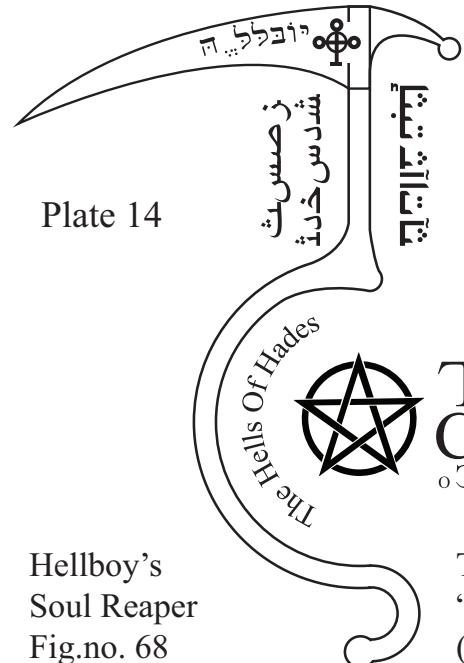
Lucifer El Shaddeï, a God of the underworld. God of chaos and violence and creator of desert storms. A timelord. The male gender God Lucifer El Shaddeï drank wine and some alcohols as he sought a wine of elixir. All is vibrations of existential life to be lived and loved, thought Lucifer and drank some more wine. Vibration, being a motion of the vocal chord or the thought wave of a lit mind. Both a reality, that only will answer to the time of the present. The now. Really a scary thought, that holds the drama of a thousand wars and a billion tears. Dome manual: Directive 8888-C-3PO. Elias. My verdict is final by the minion of Satan. It was a warm July night and the rain fell from the night sky, although the amount of clouds were scarce. The moon was up, a full moon. The Arabian doctor El Shaddeï stood somewhere in Delancy Street, at a highrise building. He was sent from the Bio Arms Division, a branch of the military. He entered the marked crime scene in the basement of the building. He went through some low lit corridores and entered a room, a lab. On the steeltable, an operating table, on the table layed a corpse, by the looks of it, it had been tied down. The operating table were stained and the fluids from the corpse had created multiple organic shapes that were half dried out. The stank alone could send any man to his grave. The tile covered walls glistened with the damp produced by the rot of the corpse, which had swollen to triple it's size. The doctor had been offered some assistance from two police officers, but El Shaddeï refused to put them in harms way, although he knew that they were close by. The doctor went closer to the corpse and studied the swollen flesh, someone had used a blade, a knife on the remains and on the arms there were open wounds that showed some exposed bones. Some flies had found their way in and were buzzing around, they must have been here for some time. Some maggots crawled around in the opened wounds. El Shaddeï noticed a drilled hole in one of the exposed bones. He looked closer and saw something, black. He could have sworn that he saw movement. It looked like a black leech. He went on to study the face of the corpse, the face showed no signs of violation, although it was hard to tell from the swell of the rot. He took on his gloves and opened up one of the eyelids. The right eyelid. There! he saw it again, some black thing moved in the white area next to the pupil. Out of nowhere he felt the corpses hand at his throat. It had an emence force and the corpse rose to it's feet. El Shaddeï could feel the urine seeping through his pants and fear struck him as he was thrown across the room. He hit the wall, hard. Then he collapsed and memory left him. He regained full consciousness, but he still had the memory of the zombie and fear struck him once more. His hands were shaking and he could feel the sweat on his back and the sweat began to show on his forehead. The corpse was gone. And confusion struck him. He then saw some black leeches crawling on his hands and up his arms, at one point he felt the sting of an neddle and saw one of the leeches entering his flesh, needless to say, he fainted once more. All went black. He regained consciousness once more. He rose to his feet and felt his heart pounding, he saw a dirty mirror on one of the walls, he stumbled towards it. All of his senses were alert, he could hear a coachroach running on the basement floor, he could hear a pigeon on the top of the highrise building. He stumbled towards the mirror. He looked at his own reflection and saw a beastly face. He could barely recognize himself. The dead crown had landed on him and the white snakes of the Medusa had entered him. He could hear the two cops nearby, they were talking. The one cop said: So have you been to the polak Eva Karera? Yeah, the polak with the polish, said the other cop, She sure as hell can fuck. She must be real thick, huh. Ohh. Come on, man! You know she is one of the sharpest tools in the tool shed. I wouldn't mind giving her....The sentence ended and got replaced by a deathrattle and the spraying of blood. The other cop panicked, he couldn't believe his own eyes. What ever that thing was, it shapeshifted. A shape of an older man, then a vampire, a werewolf, then into an angel with dark wings, as it ate his colleague. He went for his gun. Too late, the creature was already in his throat. The creature ate in silence, devouring the cops, then it exited the building to climb it's wall, heading for the moon. El Shaddeï was his name.



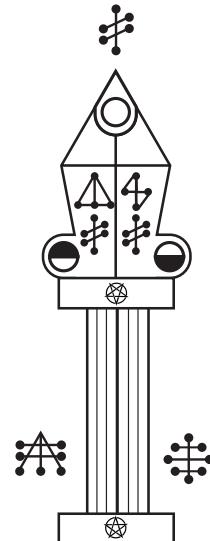
Highpriestess Staff:
(And the iPhone works
just as well to day, as in
the days of ancient Egypt)
Fig.no. 66



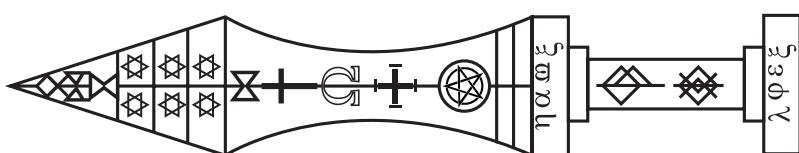
Hell Blade
Fig.no. 67



Hellboy's
Soul Reaper
Fig.no. 68



The Broken Sword Hex
“What Would Jesus Do”
(The Slave Curse)
Fig.no. 69



Spear Of Creation
(Thrust The Lord - In God We Thrust)
Fig.no. 70

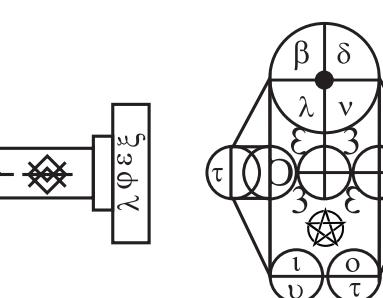
Vira J: Fig.no. 72

22IIAC33BCC

Vira L: Fig.no. 74

180660IHBMXCO →

Pandoraz Cube
Fig.no. 76



Hathor's Hammer
Fig.no. 71

SATOR • SATAN				
S	A	T	A	N
A	P	E	R	O
T	E	N	E	T
A	R	E	N	A
N	A	T	O	S

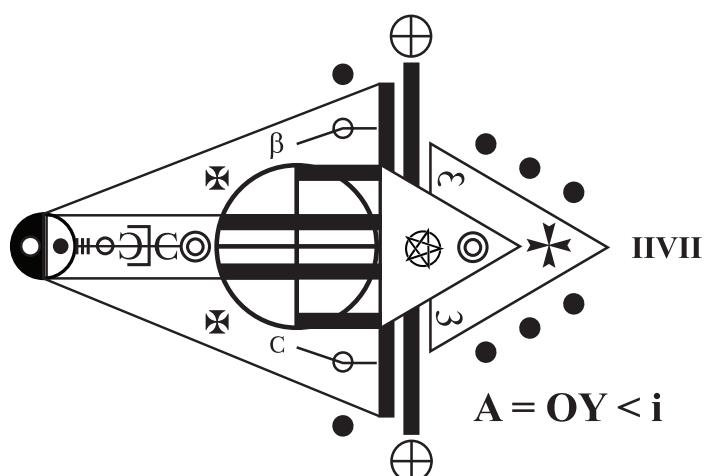
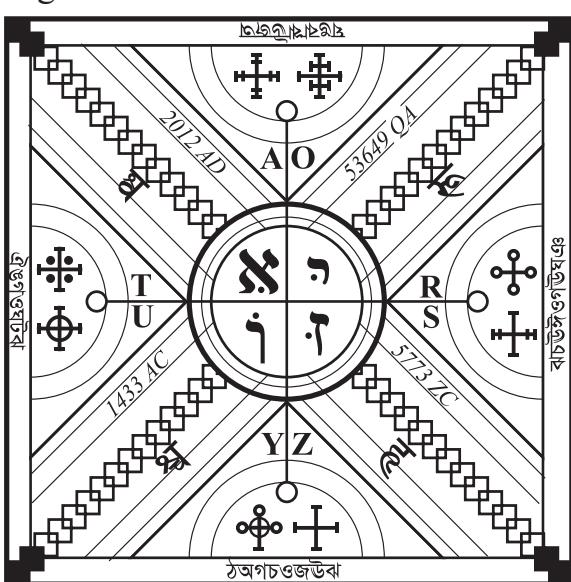
Vira K: Fig.no. 73

MEBI00OMRS →

Vira M: Fig.no. 75

← **IIEI0MNSTU** →

Sator Construct Ten
Fig.no. 77



BC Crossbow
Fig.no. 78

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK II

CHAPTER III OUROBOROS (Serpent)

OUR UNION RESTS ON BORROWED OPINIONS RULED ON SUPPOSITION

Ouroboros - the world's serpent. The God of rebirth and renewal and God of the cycle of life. The God of reincarnation. The serpent God of the wheel. He will never answer to a salutation of lord. The dual gender God Ouroboros sought the heavens and the hells to enter the Earth. But know this. All dwells within all. Within us all. The Yin and the Yang, the duality of polarity and the life in between, the path of the Tao. The hermafrodite Gods, leading up to the androgynous Adam and his sorted rib. Dome manual: Directive 8888-AB-3. Druce. Nothing can be harnessed by the knowledge of the past. All science and the concepts of history and all of history's ideologies are banned. Violation of this directive results in the excommunication of the dome society. Agitation is punishable by death. There once existed an empty hall of mirrors. All of a sudden a light sparked and the number one was born. At first it were still, then life entered it and it slowly rebounded from a hard labour. After some time the number one felt lonely and sad and the mirrorhall felt the same. But by some miracle another lightspark and another number was born. The two ciphers grew and talked with one another. The two ciphers started to fornicate and all of a sudden numbers were brought into the mirrored hall of existence. The cipher three was born followed by number four and so on and so forth. One day the first number looked in on, number seven and saw that number seven had fornicated with number nine and the number sixteen had been born. The first number could see that the cipher in question was a very strong number and proclaimed the number as a leader. It named the number sixteen by the name Ajin. And so the fornication continued till the mirrorhall was full of numbers. But one day, the number sixteen, named Ajin looked to his fellow numbers and they all looked sad and lonely. What is wrong? asked Ajin. The numbers in the mirrored hall, asked: What are we and where do we come from? I truly do not know said Ajin and began to feel sad himself. But the fornication progressed and one day the mirrored hall were all full of numbers, there were no room left for the numbers, no room to fornicate. Ajin yelled: So help us, save us from our doom. No answer came. But the mirrored hall retired in order to think and ponder the faith of all the numbers. The mirrorhall thought deeply for three days and then it addressed all the numbers: My dear numbers, sounded a voice. All my children. I will grant four tools to your disposal and if you can manage the task at hand, then it will create more room for you. Four signs lit up in the mirrored hall's four walls. Addition, division, multiplication and minus. And Ajin and the numbers began to use the tools and created more room for the numbers to fornicate. But one day Ajin sat down and concluded that his numeric value was indeed the number seven. He informed his fellow numbers and all of a sudden they felt sad again. Is that were we stem from? The minus of hell? asked all the numbers, that would explain the pain. Ajin, addressed the mirrored hall in which they lived: What are you, mirrorhall? Four signs or a sign and which sign brought you into this madness? The mirrored hall, retired once more and tried to find a humane life for all his numbers. And the mirrorhall returned after three days and a voice were sounding in the hall. My dear children, my precious numbers, I hereby give you the art of lettering and soon after the first letter A was born, and ciphers and letter fornicated for several centuries after that and all were at peace. Then one day Ajin noticed that they were running out of space once more. No room left, no room to fornicate at all. Ajin cried: For thinking out loud, Mirrorhall! Help us! what shall we do? The mirrorhall retired to think for three days. Then it returned to Ajin and his numbers. All my children, all my numbers I hereby give you the art of killing to create more room for fornication. And Ajin hired the number six as the killer. And the number six started to kill. At first in smaller numbers. It killed both letters and ciphers, it killed all in its path, till there were room for fornication. After some centuries all letters and ciphers felt sad once again. And then the mirrorhall invented religion. That is why we should treasure life, be you a mere number or a letter, said Ouroboros the serpent. Snakes are the servants that bring life into all worlds, by the shrewdness of its tail. Therefore pray in silence, address your inner serpent and hold your tongue. Swallow your tail. Amenta.

I don't want in black and white. I want it in stone. My gravemarker? So be it. Here lies the last Mystic.



Plate 15

Character writings

Aa	Bb
Cc	Dd
Ee	Ff
Gg	Hh
Ii	Jj
Kk	Ll
Mm	Nn
Oo	Pp
Qq	Rr
Ss	Tt
Uu	Vv
Ww	Xx
Yy	Zz
Oo	Yy

SpockiTech
big caps

Malachimera
ancientification

Alpha writings

Beta writings



The letter of elements



THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK II

IN THE TRADITION OF THE OLDER KEY - CLAVICULA SALOMONIS

THE QABALISTICAL INVOCATION OF MEDUSA CELESTRIAL WRITINGS, MALACHIM WRITINGS, ANGELSONG.

I give thee the key to the kingdom of spirits. The snake twirling upon your own numbers. The minimum of three commanding three by the medium of three. A child created by two. A sex construct of three. A sex fucked by four. Sex guarded by five. A name constructed of six. A name constructed of seven. A name constructed of eight. A name birthed by nine. A name construct of ten. An unknown constructed of eleven. A bad name given twelve, as I will ask. What is a mere name in the saying of an amen? Be you of the tomb or womb, be you baptized or not. That which holster the blade holds it's tongue, till the serpent's tongue elevates to your brain in the alchemy baptism of madness. The ancient hill of the five sense of mortal man. Five nations of mortal remains that call unto the sculls of the five ancient hills:

• Aristocracy. • Autocracy. • Authenticity. • Antiquity. • Anarchy.

The Spiritus Sanctum, in this day and age, being a pub, bar or restaurant, or the privacy of your own home. But in all honesty do we really need more than five godgiven rulers to subdue mind and ground the Earth? Upon each of such five rulers the construct of names between two and eleven. Upon each demon throne, the five rays of authenticity, each name an idea of thought unleashed unto the barren wastelands of the intellect. To bring forth life and to conjure bread into the mouths of starving babies. The Angels and the Jinns will sing their death songs in the tombs entering the wombs of the everlasting. And must the Adonai insult then cubical insult through all orders and sessions and by peace of minds. The first number is one. The second number is two. The third number is three. The fourth number is four. The fifth number is five. The sixth number is six. The seventh number is seven. The eighth number is eight. The ninth number is nine and the tenth number is one. Since you are born in such a fashion. We are all from the tomb and destined to enter the womb, to cease life. To seek carnal pleasure, when it erupts. Till it erupts, on both male and female. Nothingness is a state of mind within cults of proclaimed religious orders. Zero does not exist because you exist, my dead. So saidth the dark master Tehuty of the dead. And Smeargol, the copycat creature crawled upon the moors of the wetlands and said: Zero does not exist, because you exist, my dear. Lost in the mire of long dead kings of both the earth and the sky. To claim victory and to rule tempers upon dead crowns withered in the autumn of old age, in order, to bring life to the tired and weary bones of the forgotten. The lost race of Atlantis. Lost, yet, not forgotten. Ancient dead light of knowledge seeking fornication of wifes and daughters. And to ban it is the excuse, a claim of humanity, because we are all but humans. Well, beggars cant be choosers as well as beggars cant be bothered with boogers. That ghostly element of dead white light seeking life, but can it justify the crimes of the living? And why. Oh why...do you prophets judge a body by the colour of it's skin, when all you seek is fornication. I AM. The dark lord. The black lord Tehuty. All that I seek is to FORNIMATE. To fuck in multitude by plentitude, to fuck by numbers. Till she is full of it. Like a group of wellhung black men that fucks your willing white wife in all her holes. In order to fully FORNIMATE THE KNOWLEDGE. In order to fully FORNIMATE THE FLESH. Fornication is the divine light, bliss, while most of fellowman dwells within darkness. That is the black truth of civilised worlds that is called to order. To fornicate is to live. To fornicate all, brings new life to both body and soul. To ban it is to ban life itself, in a knightmare order, that given time will exterminate itself. But, best guess is, it self-extinguished long ago. This is already a dead world. A dead planet, known unto others as mother Earth, T.E.R.R.A. Pandora's paradox. In this day and age, the powerwords being: Arseholes. Bitches and Bastards. Cunts. Dickheads. Emence. Fuck. Goat. Horseshit. Idiot. Joy. Kiss. Lupe. Morons and Mother-fuckers. Neegars (No cigars) and No. Oh yes. Plonker. Quicky. Rhinoshit. Shit. Turd. Useless. Velociraptor. Witch. XXX. Yes. Zookeeper. Oh no. Yes. Amen. A key to all women and whores that never ever got their wet holes coverth, at least a tenfold. Hell, the more the merrier. The greater the whore the bigger the man. A truthful saying of fertility, although the verbal usage of these texts might never ever take place. Sexuality, that never will unfold. Satanism or Christianity in it's true essence. The desperate hope each year is to erect a christmastree in a house, if a child is truely fucked. Each year we try to resurrect that which already is dead. Spot the subtext in the buttsex. The circus of the macabre reality of a fallen dead surface world.

THE KEY OF ARANUBIS-PHAT - BOOK II

IN THE TRADITION OF THE OLDER KEY - CLAVICULA SALOMONIS

EPILOGUE CELESTRIAL WRITINGS, MALACHIM WRITINGS, ANGELSONG.

These 44 pages is a rewrite of the old key of King Solomon. The scripture dates back to the late 15-16th century and it is the one script that has matured the world into what it appears to be to day. In this day and age, being the year of your lord 2021-2022 AD (Anno Domino). The structure is virtually untouched, but there are renewals here and there. In order to set the record straight, or to put it bluntly in laymens terms: In the old key. King of Solomon - Clavicula Salomonis. The historicics of the ancient alphabets were the following: Hebrew Alphabet - Magi Alphabet - Characters of the celestial writings - Malachim writings - Passing the river - Name of the letters - Powerletters (periodic scale).

As goes for passing the river, cruel rumour has it that the ferryman of death, always will ask for a toll. A price. But those famed lines: Don't pay the ferryman, don't even fix a price, might safe a life or two. And if the Grim Reaper that sails that boat, on your last voyage, passing the river, asks for gold, don't ever offer him your godgiven soul. And yes, I am guilty as charged, I did pay the ferryman. The ticket of a sailing with the CalMac Ferries between Largs and Millport, and it would seem, it was a one way ticket, all along.

And yes, Black Rab of the mountain, guided me through the valley of the death, and escorted me to the isle of Iona, so that I, the medium Aranubis-Phat could hear the last testimony of the Bruce. the last testimony of the last Scottish king. But only to be saddened by the testimony of "M". As goes for the tree of life, the tree of seekers, many will debate on how we fornicate the knowledge before we fornicate the flesh. Love? The tree of life (fig.64) is that ancient tool that stack our knowledge in the basics of the matter of this world. The tree of life [HCROWSMBBM] is the name construct of ten. Ten is it's number and above it, the full-blown fornicated madness within us all. Conduct our madness in just measures within the devil's lap and cease life to live in the King's and Queen's court of the everlasting. Subdue the flesh to conquer the mind. Worms may enter your brainwaves in the greater battle between good and evil, but know this, all the born maggots are born with the promise of wings. From maggot to fly, from caterpillar to butterfly. And resting in between the seekers lie. The serpents tongue that subdue all of the earth. This reality. So is all life, in the valley of the dead, all dead seeking eternal damnation in order to flock the flesh, sexually. So is life, for those that are capable of sexual endeavours. In the end we all seek peace, but awakes with the question, is it even human possible? As illustrated by the white submarine in the top right corner, then I would say that to spot the white serpent amongst all the black lettering, is the hardest disciplin to master. Some call it a divine light. But I say unto you, that it is a godgiven. The wings of the Nosfera, the hidden kingdom of invisibility. All will seek such doctrine of the white serpent, but will answer to the black dominion of the flesh.

To tie down in the flesh of felines, to FORNIMATE. That is the sole purpose of life itself. To fornicate both flesh and mind. And powers to be will always debate the issues of packing a soul upon the wings of any godgiven insect, be it a fly or a scarab. The construct is ten. But the full count of a body is and will always be twenty for the humanoids. Once you reach the humanoid state of demonology, then there is no turning back. This scripture is a godgiven license, a license to depart. The license to depart from your mighty presence. By the virtues of these divinity seals which we have obeyed creatively in accordance to it's key. The key of Aranubis-Phat. We have obeyed the commandments of this creator key and wish to return to our homes. To dwell safely in our homes, our tombs. Our estates, our abodes. Amen. Retired in our homes and abodes to speak creator truth between you and us. To consult eachother in the ways of peace and enlightenment so we can conduct some sanity within the madness of life. So that we fully can understand the night of souls and the night of darkness for those souls eclipsed in twilight. So we can understand the night and fully understand that night always follow night. The night is eternally yours, till twilight, is no more and your soul withers in the sunlight and you die within ignorances bliss. Then fully know of thy folly, within such a bliss, and conduct your ways in a kingly fashion. I say it. I will stand by it. I believe it. I will say it.

I will even hold my serpents tongue and write it in the bloodred ink of eternity. Amen.

In the olden tongue, to please the power to be: Qadosch, Qadosch, Qadosch, Qadosch, Shaddai, Yod, Chayah, Eheieh, Asher, Quadosch. Allahuja. Allahuja. Allahuja. Amen.

ROSIKRUCIAN CROSS 2021 AD

Sigil of the Golden Dawn's Rose Cross

(IN THE YEAR OF YOUR LORD)

300*

Time is the illusive veil,
that cloaks both the Dead and the Living.
If there is no wind for the Dead,
row your boat.
If there is no wind of the Living,
eat baked beans.

240*

To dye all the loo's in the world's zoo's,
might turn out to be any man's last joy.
To dye or not to die, that is the question.

NOTABENE:

I.O.U page by R

60*

The Death. Death would be
so tragic if it weren't so funny.

120*

And if it turns out that the
old Egyptian hieroglyph for
flower, truly were the ancient
choice between the feather of
a scibe or the knife of a butcher.
Then, I trust, we all would be
better off with flowers.

-  WATER
-  AIR
-  MATTER
-  FIRE

360* The concept of *Khu* "God" as a persona has never had any appeal to me, given my path in this life, this existence. I will always consider the term "God" to be the terminology of energy. Ergo "God" were never meant to be interpreted as a singular person. Which I am sad to say is the worldview for most Christians.

But that is solely my perspective.

Aranubis-Phat in the year 53.649 Q.A

BLVCK (BLACK) ALCHEMY

BASE ALCHEMY

SPOCKITECH™

COMPLETED ON STARDATE 11082021@18:31

© COPYRIGHT ROBERT ORR REID NIELSEN BOOKS Ltd 2021

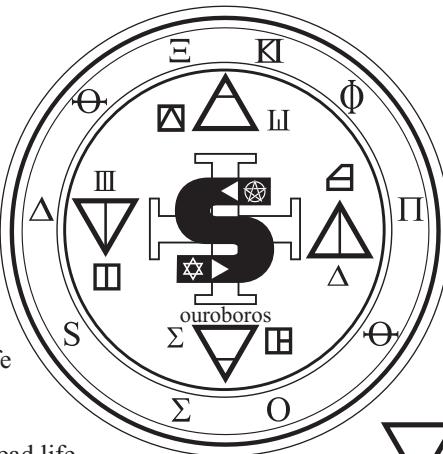
Red (a)	
Orange (1)	
Yellow (b)	
Green (2)	
Blue (c)	
Purple (3)	
Umber (d)	
Ebony (4)	
Ash (e)	
Ivory (5)	

MY TREE OF LIFE

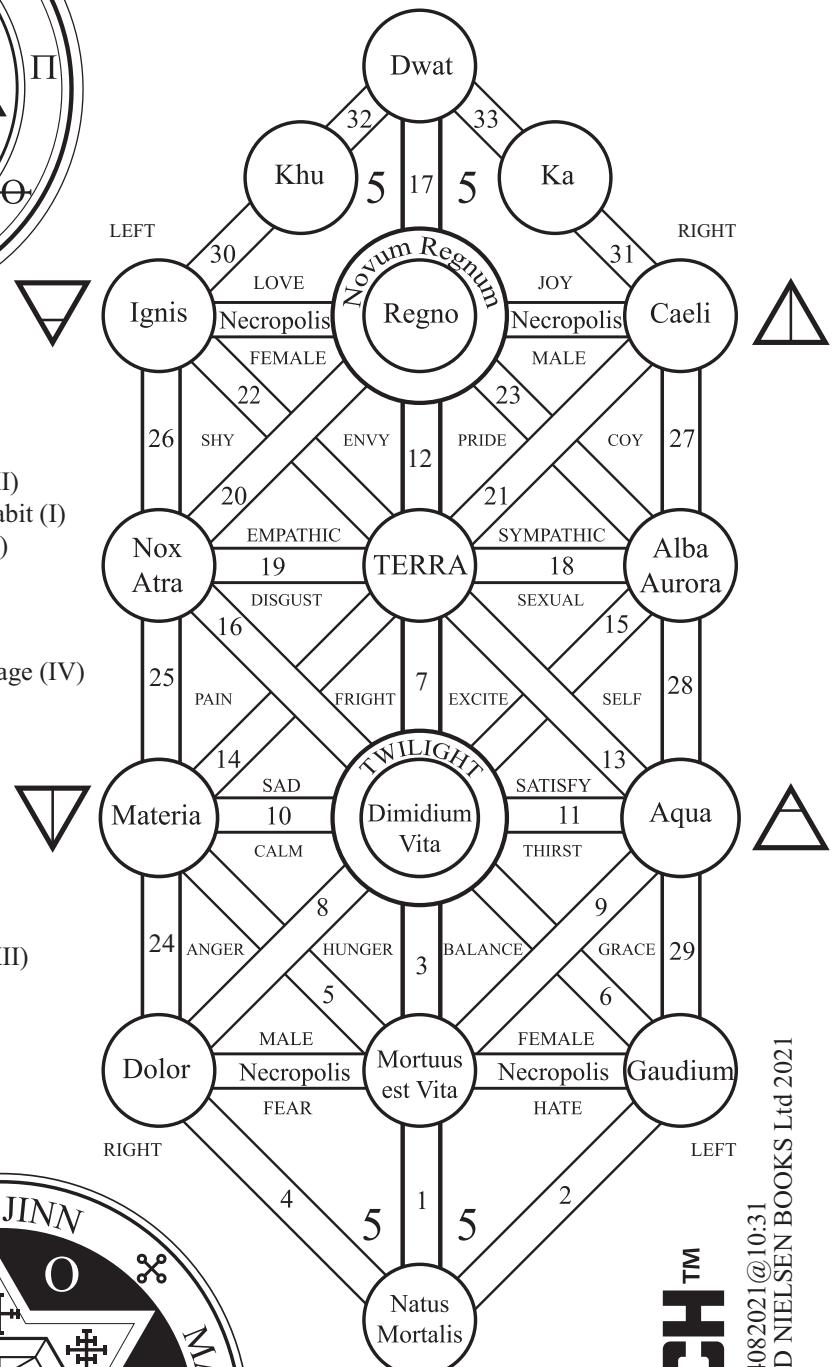
The binary code of Christ is the visual reality and duality of our seeing eyes and doubtful minds.

To the naked eye, even Trees, depend on two factors, Water and Light. Yet, the circumstances to it's existence as with any other given lifeform or organism are much more complex. We all bear such a cross, the four elements in this existence. And above the elements, the faith or faiths and not the dogma of a fixed folklore and tradition, nor the dogma of a manmade religion.

Dwat = Necropolis
 Khu = God Energy
 Ka = Spirit World
 Ignis = Fire
 Regno = Kingdom
 Caeli = Air
 Nox Atra = Night
 TERRA = Mother Earth
 Alba Aurora = Day
 Materia = Matter
 Dimidium Vita = Half Life
 Aqua = Water
 Dolor = Joy
 Mortuus est Vita = The Dead life
 Gaudium = Pain
 Natus Mortalis = Born of the dead



DWAT: THE NEURON STRUCTURAL NETWORKS OF A HUMAN MIND WILL ALWAYS BE THE DEBATE ON HOW TO BUILD KNOWLEDGE AND LIGHT AND LOVE



1. The Pharaoh: Fool - I Am - Uniqueness (XXIII)
2. Justice: I Become - Food - Twin - Dewbuk - Succubus (XI)
3. Magician: Dragon's Lore - Witchcraft - Old Religion - Habit (I)
4. The Hanged Man: Sacrifice - Change - Less Is More (XII)
5. High Priestess: The Staff - Fallos - Sex - Fornication (II)
6. The Queen: Anubis & Bastet - Male & Female (III)
7. Death: Life - Rebirth - Serenity (XIII)
8. The Emperor: The Dead Crown - Meditation - King Of Sage (IV)
9. Hierophant: The Jewel - Sleeper's Coffin (V)
10. Lovers: Harmony & Disharmony - Love & Hate (VI)
11. Tower: The Infinite Civilisation - Mass - Habitat (XVI)
12. Chariot: Mayan Disc Of Life - Pleasure (VII)
13. Temperance: Cardinal Of The Mummy - Virtues (XIV)
14. Devil: The Well Of Souls - The MoonWell (XV)
15. Moon: Morningstar - Mystery - Water (XVIII)
16. Star: The Empath - Fortune (XVII)
17. Famine: Hunger A Great Cook - Dibbuk - Duebuck (XXII)
18. Sun: Source - Fire - Birth Of War (XIX)
19. Strength: Heart & Mind - Self - Balance - Matter (VIII)
20. Hermit: Nomad - Emeritus - Resignation (IX)
21. Judgement: Twilight - The Three Of Clover - Air (XX)
22. Wheel of Fortune: Wealth - Destiny Of Faith (X)
23. World Necropolis (XXI):
Realms. Dimensions. Spheres.

24. REALM Diagon Alley
25. REALM Caldron Pool
26. REALM Olympus
27. REALM Hades
28. REALM Mordor
29. REALM Necropolis
30. REALM Yggdrasil
31. REALM Transylvania
32. REALM Kalim dor
33. REALM Braavos



KING OF SAGE
 EVERYDAY IS HALLOWEEN

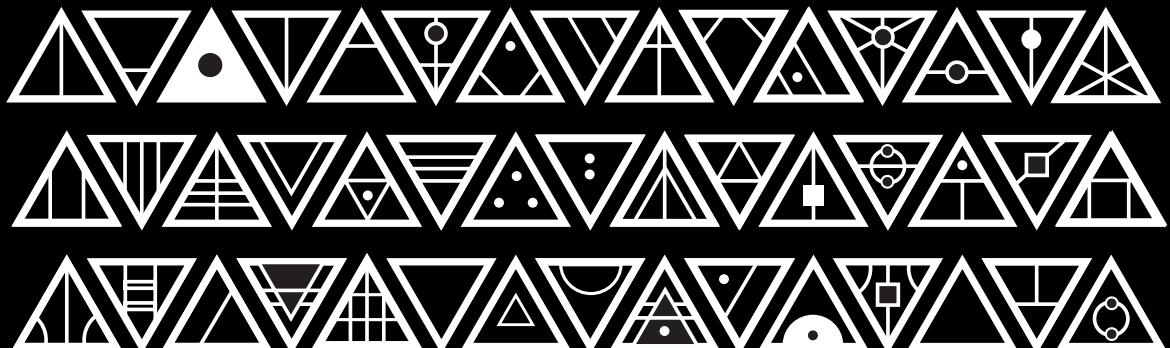
I DO NOT TRUST IN GOD
 BUT I TRUST THAT
 THE KING'S AND QUEEN'S
 ENGLISH WILL STAND
 THE TEST OF TIME

SPOCKTECH™

COMPLETED ON STARDATE 14082021@10:31
 © COPYRIGHT ROBERT ORR REID NIELSEN BOOKS Ltd 2021

THE SKINWALKERS CRYPT

pelle et ambulatis in crypta



ATLANTIS • MAYAN • EGYPTIAN PAUT NETRU 2021 AD
IN THE YEAR OF YOUR LORD



PRICELESS PRESS ®

DKK: 888 KR

GBP: £ 888

USD: \$ 888

EGP: E£ 888